R. R.
DWAY'S
Y
RELIEF,
EST AND BEST MEDICINE
AY USE IN THE WORLD,
enty minutes, never fails to relieve
thorough application. No matter
xcruciating the pain, the Rheumatic,
h, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic,
disease may suffer, RADWAY'S
will afford instant ease.
UTE REMEDY.
INUTES, not HOURS, to relieve
o disease.
of the Kidneys, Inflam-
e Bladder, Inflammation
s, Congestion of the Lungs
, Difficult Breathing, Pal-
e of Heart, Hysterics, Croup
Catarrh, Influenza, Head-
ache, Neuralgia, Rheuma-
Chills, Ague Chills, Chil-
Bites, Bruises, Nervous-
ousness, Coughs, Colds,
Sick or
Instantly relieved.
ALARIA
VARIOUS FORMS.
R AND AGUE,
AGUE cured for 50 cents. There
gent in this world that will cure
and all other Malarious, Bilious,
Yellow, and other Fever (aided by
ILLS,) so quickly as
Ready Relief.
oments, when taken according to
e cramps, spasms, Sour Stomach,
Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery,
Bowels, and all Internal Pains.
ld always carry a bottle of Rad-
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LUTION.
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be avoided. Morphine, opium,
Ipyrocyanus, and other powerful
than poison, in very small doses,
during their action in the system,
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e is no necessity for using these
hen a positive remedy like Rad-
will stop the most excruciating
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ort.
TRUE RELIEF.
WAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial
ent that will instantly stop pain.
Cents per Bottle.
IS WEALTH,
dy is Wealth of Mind.
DWAY'S
SAPARILLIAN
OLVENT
E GREAT
PURIFIER!
sound flesh, strong bone and a
would have your flesh firm, your
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rsaparillian Resolvent
UL RECOGNITION.
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ease, not only commands our re-
our gratitude. Dr. Radway has
with that wonderful remedy, Rad-
Resolvent, which accomplishes
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and diseased existence through long days and
him their gratitude." *Medical*
E AND TRUE.
Dr. Radway's "Treatise on Dis-
ases of Women,"
DISEASES CURED BY
DWAY'S
ILLIAN RESOLVENT.
eases, Pimples, Blotches, Erup-
, Boils, Old Sores, Caries of the
Bone, Scrofulous Diseases,
Habit of Body, Syphilis and
orrors, Irritable or Old Ulcers, Salt
, White Swellings, Scald Head,
, Cankers, Glandular Swellings
and Decay of the Body, Tumors,
and all Impurities of the Blood
fed, Consumption, Gravel and
and Female Weaknesses, Radway's
are given in specific instances.
here is no known remedy that pos-
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ome deposited in the bones, joints,
of the bones, rockets, spinal cord,
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ULA will receive away those de-
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be the cure, "feel better," and
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is not inactive; if not arrested
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makes the patient "feel better"
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of flesh.
IAN TUMORS.
e tumors by Radway's Resolvent
ubtful that what was once
miraculous is now a common rec-
e patients. Witness the cases of
Mr. Sandf, Mrs. J. H. Jolly
ndrix, published in our Almanac
of Mrs. C. S. Ribbins, in the
er "Lies and True."
e more of the active principles of
other preparation. Taken in
while others require five or six
llar Per Bottle.
DWAY'S
TING PILLS.
dres, Soothing Aperients,
Pain, Always Reliable
ip their operations.
Substitute for Calomel-
, elegantly coated with sweet
purity, cleanse and strengthen
S, for the cure of all disorders
ver, Bowels, Kidney, Bladder,
Headache, Constipation, Costive-
Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Female
, Loss of Appetite, Fever, In-
Nervousness, Piles, and all derange-
al Viscera. Warranted to effect
ir Vegetable, containing no
deleterious drugs.
following symptoms resulting
digestive organs.
ard Pain, Paleness of the Blood
of the Stomach, Nausea, Heart-
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or Suffering Sensations when in
ture of Vision, Dots or Webs be-
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ency, Yellowness of the Skin and
ide, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden
ning in the Flesh.
DWAY'S PILLS will free the
above-named disorders.
5 cents per Box.
FROM THE—
HURLOW WEED,
adway's R. R. R. Reme-
dies.
EM FOR SEVERAL YEARS
NEW YORK, Jan. 4, 1877.
ng for several years used your
at first, but after experiencing
full confidence, it is no less a
thankfully acknowledge the
derived from them. The pills
often as occasion requires, and
best effect. The Ready Relief
scribed than it is by its name.
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Truly yours,
THURLOW WEED.
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Horticultural Society

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN.

AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

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Editorial.

APPLYING MANURE TO GRASS LAND.

Formerly it was believed to be a great waste to apply manure in the autumn, and spread it on the surface for any crop. Our fathers were so adverse to the exposure of manure to the surface of the land, for even a few moments, that when it was spread broadcast to plough under, a man was employed to spread the manure while the land was being ploughed; and when they applied manure to land too soft to cart over in the spring, it was carted out in the autumn or winter, and left in small heaps until spring after the grass had commenced to grow. But observation and experience have taught that manure applied to grass land in the autumn and winter does even better than if applied in the spring. There are many reasons why this is so; among them may be mentioned: First, if applied in the autumn it settles down so as not to interfere with the mower. Second, the frosts of winter pulverize the lumps and assist in their decomposition. Third, by settling down among the grass roots it acts as a protection to the grass plants. Fourth, by being pulverized and more thoroughly decomposed, and having settled down where the sun will not dry it up, it is in a condition to furnish plant food in much larger quantities than fresh manure applied just as the young plants are beginning to grow in the spring.

The old idea that plants feed upon fresh manure is exploded, and it is now very generally understood that manure cannot enter the roots until it is thoroughly decomposed and changed so as to unite with atoms of water, or with the air.

Another advantage of applying manure in the autumn is that it can be done at less expense than if delayed until spring, when farmers are so busy that they must hire the work done at a price much above what it would cost in the autumn; in fact late in the autumn and the first part of winter, farmers usually have time to do such work themselves, thus save paying out money. There is still another advantage by applying in the autumn, the manure cellar is well cleaned out, and more room is left to store what is made during the winter. With so many advantages in favor of applying in the autumn, no farmer should fail to apply to his grass land another autumn what manure he can spare.

THE BARBERRY SHRUB.

Among the shrubs that grow in New England, there are few more hardy or more beautiful throughout the season, than the barberry. Its symmetrical form, its beautiful foliage, its large, attractive clusters of yellow flowers, and its still more attractive clusters of coral like fruit, that add to its beauty during the entire autumn, all combine to make it one of the most beautiful as well as desirable shrubs to grow among the ornamental shrubs that adorn the home.

There seems to be only one undesirable feature about it, that it is too common. It grows in the woods and fields, and is treated as an interloper, except when its fruit is needed for preserving for a winter luxury, to add to our other preserved fruits for winter use.

If it was a rare shrub that could only be obtained by a large outlay of money, it would be found in every choice collection of shrubs. Now because it is within the reach of everyone, few think of transplanting it, and a still less number know how easily it can be trained to grow in the most beautiful form. It is very easy to transplant it from its native soil to the garden, and it can be grown with success in almost any situation, from an extreme northern exposure to a very sheltered southern, and from a moist clay to a dry, sandy or gravelly soil. Its favorite soil is a somewhat heavy rocky or stony one, and it seems to prefer the north side of a stone wall to almost any other place.

It can be trimmed to make a very pretty hedge and at the same time one that will keep out both boys and cattle. Its sharp thorns prevent the passage of both man and beast. When a hedge is to be set, it is best to grow seedlings for the purpose, and when two years old transplanted, cutting the tops to six inches in height.

Few shrubs are more easily grown from the seed than this, and very few indeed take more kindly to cultivation. The fruit when cultivated is very much larger and the clusters longer than when permitted to grow naturally. By careful selection, no doubt, fruit of a very large size could be obtained. When seedlings are to be grown, the seed should be collected as soon as thoroughly ripe and planted at once. When the shrubs are to be transplanted, the work should be done in the spring, the last of April, and small shrubs from the open ground selected.

FARMING AT HOME.

When the farmers of New England look about them intelligently and compare their real condition and prospects, one year with other, with those of farmers of other sections, they have more than a good reason to be contented and happy in their present place. After all is said that can be said about the advantages of the West, it is to be remembered that they are not altogether advantages, but have their offsets and drawbacks like every thing else. We cannot see both sides nor all sides of a situation at the same time. If we do our best where we are how can we know that we could have done any better if we had been placed somewhere else.

The farmer in New England has a compact social state to live in, good schools, churches, and other religious privileges, near markets and convenient railroads, and as many real comforts, if he only chooses to secure them, as are to be enjoyed in any similar condition of life anywhere. He does not know what a variety of resources are at his command. Nor can the young man all at once understand what it is to pull up the tender rootlets of his associations and affections, and transplant them in another soil and amid strange surroundings. We therefore say advisedly, that if a young man can do well on the land in any part of the country, he can do well here in New England.

THE "COUNTRY MEETING" Of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture.

The Country Meeting of the Mass. State Board of Agriculture will be held at Northampton on the 5th, 6th and 7th of Dec. As farmers from Plymouth Co., Cape Cod, Bristol County and Berkshire cannot get to Northampton early the first day the proceedings will not commence until 1.30 P. M. There will be an opening address by Hon. Paul A. Chadbourne, President of the Agricultural College.

Next in order will be a lecture by Henry E. Alvord of the celebrated Houghton Experiment farm of Mountainville, N. Y., on the Milk Question. In the evening there will be a lecture by Dr. Byron D. Halsted of N. Y., From Grain to Ear, or, the history of a corn plant. Wednesday, Dec. 6th, at 9.30, lecture by Mr. John M. Smith of Sunderland, on Tobacco Cultivation of the Connecticut Valley. Lecture by Prof. C. A. Goessmann on the Influence of Chemistry on a rational system of stock feeding. In the afternoon lecture by Mason G. Weld of New York, on Fowls for the Table and Market. Paper by Henry M. Smith of Worcester, Barbed Wire and the Fence question. In the evening lecture by Hon. James S. Grinnell, of Greenfield, on Agricultural Implements. Thursday, 10 A. M., Paper by Prof. Charles S. Sargent of Harvard University on Forest Fires. Lecture by John E. Russell, Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, the Horse for the Massachusetts Farmer.

Each lecture will be followed by discussion, in which all are invited to engage. There will be ample hotel accommodation. Northampton is on the Connecticut River railroad, upon which return tickets will be furnished, for this reason passengers from the Western part of the State are advised to buy tickets to connect with the Conn. River road at either Springfield or Greenfield. Considering that Mr. Russell is allowed by the Legislature only $400 to pay the whole expense of the Country Meeting, including the stenography, he has succeeded in making a varied and attractive programme. It is expected that there will be an exhibition of Tobacco from all parts of the Valley where this husbandry is followed by zeal and success by the farmers on the rich meadows of the Connecticut and its tributaries.

The following is the time table of the Connecticut River Railroad:

Leave Springfield for Northampton at 8 and 9.10 a. m., 12 m., 1, 1.40, 3.20, 5, 6.20, 7 and 8.15 p. m. Leave Greenfield for Northampton at 8.13, 7.15 and 11 a. m., 4.25 and 6 p. m. Leave Northampton for Springfield at 8.52, 6, 8, 10.15 and 11.55 a. m., 1, 2.30, 5.15, 5.55 and 6.45 p. m.

DRAINAGE AROUND THE DWELLING HOUSE.

The neglect to properly dispose of the waste water from our dwellings, is the cause of much sickness and many premature deaths. Man, with all of his boasted intelligence, often displays less wisdom in the selection of a location for his home, than the beasts of the forests, or the insects of the field. How often it is that fabulous prices are paid for building lots, that are on streets near to business centres, though such lots are but basins to catch the water from the surrounding territory. Such locations can never be made healthy, for it is not only impossible to prevent the drainage of the surrounding dwellings from settling around the house, but it is much more difficult to provide for the proper disposal of the waste water of the dwelling, than if the house was built on an elevated lot. In such localities, it is almost impossible to sink a well where the water will not be contaminated by the drainage of the surrounding territory.

The wise man will endeavor to select a location for his home where the soil is dry, and sandy or gravelly, and also one that is slightly above the surrounding territory; in such locations he will have no fears of any underground impurities from any source, except from his own dwelling; this he must look after; he must avoid committing the grave error committed by some, of digging a blind well and filling it with stone for the waste water of the house to settle in, and eventually find its way to the drinking water in the well.

The safest way to dispose of the waste water, is to build a few rods from the house a stone vault, say eight feet square and three feet deep, covering it tight with a wooden top made in sections to be easily removed; into this lead the water pipes from the house, which should have a decent of at least one foot to each rod in distance. To keep the vault perfectly sweet, dry muck should always be kept on hand, and put in as often as needed. In this way the impurities of the house may be safely disposed of at a trifling expenditure of time, and at the same time secure at the end of each year, one or two cords of a very valuable fertilizer. Where hard coal is used, instead of wood, the ashes may be used as an absorbent in connection with the muck to very good advantage, and by thus using it, it is disposed of, where it is out of sight, and out of the way.

☞ Agriculture is the sure basis of our prosperity. As the farmer prospers, all other honest industries prosper.

☞ It is cheaper, as well as more humane, says the Farm Journal, to provide with good care the lives and services of the horses we have, than to wear them out and buy others

Questions & Answers.

☞ All questions to the Editor, desiring answer through the *Ploughman*, should be accompanied by a name of the correspondent.

"FENCE POSTS THAT WILL LAST."

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

In the *Ploughman* of Oct. 21 I read with interest the article "Fence Posts that Will Last." I am uncertain as to whether the *coal* mentioned is charcoal or house furnace coal. I see no reason why either would not answer. Will you, if you have information at hand, give the distinctions in your next issue, as others may be as uncertain as gentlemen at my office yesterday.

Yours truly, M. D. J.

Nov. 17, 1882.

Charcoal would undoubtedly be better than anthracite coal, because it could be thoroughly pulverized so much easier, If not well pulverized it would be very difficult to mix it with the oil so it would spread well, and unless it is spread evenly over the entire surface of the wood that is to be set in the ground, it will not preserve it the smallest space left uncovered would let the moisture in, which in time would cause decay back of the covering. The preservation is accomplished by keeping the moisture entirely out. The charcoal being an indestructible material, by moisture, serves as a good covering; any other material that is indestructible, which can be made to adhere to the wood, that will keep the water and air out would no doubt accomplish the work, but oil and charcoal would probably come as cheap, considering quality, as any other material.—[ED.

THE APPLE—ITS ENEMIES

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

We seek knowledge. The canker worm we have met and conquered. All forms of caterpillars we know how to master. But the smallest of our enemies that damages from one to three-quarters of the fruit we know not how to exterminate. Does anybody know how to do it? If so will he make it known? Hoping that some of those who are giving close attention to fruit-growing will be able and willing to render some help in this matter. We shall watch closely for a response to our query. D. S. W.

Southboro, Mass.

Floriculture.

SOOT AS A MANURE FOR PLANTS

Soot is a valuable and easily obtained stimulant to strong-growing green-house plants, such as Pelargoniums, Fuchsias, Azaleas, Cytisus, Roses, Solanums, Chrysanthemums, and Hydrangeas. A handful of it, stirred in a three gallon can of water, has a marvelous effect on all the plants just named, and many others besides. It induces vigorous growth, and adds freshness and substance both to the leaf and flower. It is best to use it in small quantities and often, rather than charge the compost with more carbon than the plants can readily assimilate. In the case of Chrysanthemums and Hydrangeas, I have employed a mixture of soot and fresh manure from the cow shed, with the best possible results; but, whenever the last named ingredient is employed, it should be well mixed in a tub or tank and allowed to settle, otherwise the grassy particles remain on the top of the pots, and, while giving them an unsightly appearance, excludes that healthy aeration which all roots require.—[Sel.

LOOK TO THE IMPLEMENTS.

[Germantown Telegraph.]

We desire, at this season of the year, to say that it is a lamentable fact that many farmers lose as much from a want of proper care of implements and machinery as from the actual wear-and-tear of them. Repeated wetting and drying injure sooner or later, any kind of wood work; the moisture getting into the cracks soon begins the work of decay. This may be prevented by the timely and occasional application of some cheap paint. Much has been said and written upon the value of tool-houses, and it is hardly necessary for us to add our mite to the general array; but providing a tool-house is not all that should be done, if the shovels, spades and forks are brought into it with the dirt sticking to them, and in that condition are allowed to remain through the winter, or until they are again needed. All practical farmers know how much better a bright plough turns the furrow, how much easier it is for the team and driver, and yet they will bring their ploughs and harrows in every fall with the dirt thick upon them, and let them be so until again wanted, entailing a great deal of injury.

There are various mixtures which might be applied to the iron to prevent rusting, the cheapest of which is common (*unsalted*) grease. A better article may be formed by melting together six pounds of resin (not salts) lard and two of rosin. An old iron pot is a good thing to keep and compound the mixture in. As soon as a tool is done being used for the season, clean it off and give it a coat of this mixture, and even if it remains undisturbed for years, it will come out as bright as when put away. Implements properly cared for will not only last nearly twice as long as when this is not the case, but, as we said before, they are far better in every way.

MILLIONS INSTEAD OF FIFTY.

The Western Plowman has this sensible item: A farmer announces in a meeting of fifty that he has made a valuable discovery. Another announces that he has been able to demonstrate that a certain method is a failure. Those fifty farmers are all benefited by adopting the right method and avoiding the wrong, but how much more general would have been the benefits, if these communications had been made to some good paper, where the audience might have been millions instead of fifty? We say millions, because a valuable item is copied into hundreds of papers, and may even cross the ocean on its mission of good.

KEEPING ONION SETS.

Sets as well as large onions, according to the American Garden, should be kept as dry and cool as possible, without being actually frozen, although they are not injured materially by frost, provided they are not handled while frozen. If spread on a tight barn floor and covered thickly with chaff or cut straw they will keep well till spring.

☞ Why not keep bees no matter if you do not own in fee-simple, on the little lot of ground you occupy; almost any person may keep bees as a source of profit as well as pleasure.

☞ More than one-half of all the barley produced in the United States is raised in New York, California, and Wisconsin. The average yield is 23.5 bushels per acre, and the total product will reach 45,000,000 bushels.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

THE AGRICULTURE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Hopes for a New Era.

Agriculture has had a poor show for nearly thirty years in our legislature. Manufactures and commerce have received all the attention of every branch from the Governor down.

No farmer, if a member (they have been very scarce for years) could meet his peers on common ground, because combination of railroad, postage and finance interests claimed their attention. The husbandman of Massachusetts has always borne the burden of taxation uncomplainingly until of late years. Times have changed. Extravagances of the centres have burdened him beyond endurance, and in many cases his taxes are yearly more than the income above the expense on most of his acres. I will give the situation of my town, not dissimilar to many in the Commonwealth.

Population about 8000, valuation $7,000,000, taxes $16.20 per 1000, with about 3 miles of dense population that have all the appliances of a city, of whom about 35 per cent pay a property tax; the balance of the people are engaged in agriculture. They receive no public water *"high pressure,"* no sidewalks, no curbstones, no street lights, no benefit from the fire department, no police (a high cost institution we have use for), a high school averaging 3 miles from the homes of the farmers.

All these we pay for and get no benefits and if one should have the courage to complain he is ostracised, and the previous question is sprung upon him. We have a debt bordering upon a half a million of dollars, but then a sinking fund is growing a fraud upon the people that few understand the workings of.

Our sinking fund is a big institution. It consists of the town's notes paid by issuing new notes, these old notes are placed in the hands of chosen trustees (solid and true men) because of their great value. The town clerk has extra pay to clerk these dead notes, and the people are taxed for interest on them yearly, a game like little children playing store, with bits of card board.

Now the farmer wants (and it is his right) just taxation. He should have discounted on his tax bill all the public costs of all the public luxuries that he is debarred the use of. The farmers of this town would have a tax of $5 on one thousand if they paid for only what they received. That is, with an independent municipality, $5 per thousand would meet our wants.

Farmers are looking with hope that Gen. Butler, with the aid of such men as the Hon. Levi Stockbridge and Mayor Pratt of Worcester, will come to their rescue on the tax question, a tax that wipes out every acre of the farmer long before his family arrive to the age of manhood. Is it a wonder that farmers are growing less, letting their farms deteriorate when every dollar he expends in fertilizers is taxed 2 per cent?

Every orchard he plants is taxed the cost perhaps 12 or 15 years before any fruit is grown. Enterprise is taxed years and years before the fruition. Farms are visible property, the owner spends say $100 digging rocks on a field for his mowing machine. Lo and behold two dollars of tax is added per year, on and on forever.

J. S. NEEDHAM.

West Peabody, Mass.

Horticulture.

VARIETIES OF APPLES.

Henry Stewart, in an article in the New York Times on fruit growing, has the following on the importance of careful selection of varieties:

"Let us consider the choice of varieties. And this is also of equal importance with the choice and preparation of the ground. For what will it profit a man if he with the greatest care prepares the ground and plants his trees and then finds them to be tardy and unthrifty growers, not suited to climate or soil, and the fruit to be of unpopular and unsalable varieties? Or if he, in pursuit of the too common but mistaken desire for a large assortment, plants many kinds, and finds he has not enough of any one sort to make it desirable for the dealer or shipper, or easily marketable, or economical for his own handling? One who has 100 barrels of one kind can very easily make selections and grades of his fruit, and have 50 or 75 barrels of first quality which will bring him more than 100 barrels of 10 different kinds in 10 barrel lots, which are too small to select and pack with regard to quality, to say nothing of the inconvenience in marking them, keeping them separate, and selling them to different purchasers. If we ask the experienced fruit grower what was his one great mistake in planting, he will say every time it was planting too many varieties, and where he has now 20 kinds he would have but three or four if he were to plant over again. The most profitable orchards in the country are one of 70 acres, all of the Newtown Pippins, and several smaller ones all of Duchess pears, and especially one of 10 acres all of Northern spy apples. But while it is obvious that different localities call for different varieties, yet there are a few kinds that thrive everywhere, and these are the most popular market kinds. Of these the Baldwin stands easily first. It thrives in the east, in the Middle States, and in the northwest. Doubtless, the second is the King of Tompkins County, which also thrives where the Baldwin succeeds. These are both red apples and popular fancy, especially with foreign buyers, usually more pleased by appearance than by choice quality, is inclined to red fruit. Rhode Island Greening is a very popular and salable apple for the home market. Russett is the apple for late sale and is a hardy prolific tree in the apple regions. But the planter should be guided by local experience as to most suitable kinds of culture, and from those choose the few select varieties that are popular in the markets. Just now the market reports tell the story, and we find 20 ounce Pippins and Greenings are selling for $2 25 to $2 50 the barrel, and Baldwins, Kings, and Detroit Red (or Black Detroit, a dark, dark-red apple that thrives well in Michigan), sell for $2 50 to $3. We would plant only winter apples for market, and this because they may be stored for months, and marketed late in the season, when well kept, very often for double the rates current in the fall. Hubbardston Nonesuch, Jonathan, Northern Spy, Red Canada, are all desirable market sorts, and nearly everywhere thrifty and productive."

☞ A good wood or stone road will last forever, with very little repair, if the narrow tire is not run on it. Navigation on a bad road is easier with wide tires, and the farmer can haul larger loads across ploughed fields with a wide tired wagon. Make way for wide tires.

The Horse.

SPASMODIC COLIC.

[Western Agriculturist.]

This is a disease of the bowels and resembles inflammation of the bowels more than any other disease in the horse and for that reason the difference between the two should be studied attentively, for a mistake would prove disastrous to the patient.

Symptoms.—Spasmodic colic, like flatulent colic, is sudden in its attack and no previous symptoms give warning of its approach. If on the road the first symptom can be noticed by the horse becoming free and want to go, the driver thinking his horse feels good lets him have his head, and the animal sprits along to relieve himself from pain. After the spasm passes off the horse slackens his gait, but is still a little free; but soon the spasm returns more than ever and the animal darts off again and the driver thinking it is all right lets him skip along, and thus it goes until he arrives at home, sick; this is wrong: If your horse starts up suddenly on the road, stop him and allow him to stand a few minutes, and if he has the colic he will soon show it. If in the stall when the attack first comes on the horse will commence pawing, and striking his belly with his hind feet, switching his tail rapidly as though the flies were bothering him very bad, he looks around at his side and soon lies down. In colic, he lies down very quick, and gathers his legs under him, as if he tried to come down flat on his belly. He rolls rapidly, and does not seem to try to lie on his back, but rolls clear over. He gets partly up, and sits on his rump like a dog, and looks at his side for a few seconds, rises up quick and sometimes shakes himself and goes to picking hay or grass, as if nothing were the matter. But in a short time, he again begins to be uneasy, and the paroxysm is again renewed, the horse behaving as before. But each successive spell becomes more severe. The horse sweats freely, the sweating commencing earlier in the attack in this than in windy colic. I have often observed in this kind of colic, that the horse frequently turns up his upper lip. This is said to be a sure sign of bots, a very fatal mistake. After the disease has nearly run its course, an inflammation of the bowels, which is almost sure to be the result, if not properly treated, has set in, there will be some swelling, which will increase as the disease progresses, and here is where some good practitioners make a fatal mistake, they think the swelling is wind or gas, which is not the case, it is the enlargement of the intestines themselves.

Treatment.—Where it can be done a hypodermic injection of morphine is the quickest, surest and best, but that can not always be done; powerful antispasmodcis must be given. A good drench is Fluid Extract of Opium one ounce, fluid extract Belladonna two drachms, Tincture Assafœtida, two ounces, Sweet Spirits of Nitre two ounces, Spirits of Camphor two drachms; all to be given in half a pint of "sweet" or water. If the animal does not get any better in half an hour, repeat the above dose, except the Nitre, which should not be given.

GIVE HORSES A REST.

Horses that have worked constantly on the farm, or even in the family carriage, remarks the Western Sportsman, become worn and fatigued, and though well fed, begin each day's work with reluctance. They need change; they require rest, and the spur of draft in their muscles. Let them go for a month into a good pasture; their whole system will have a grateful rest. Their muscles will relax; they will lay on flesh and manifest such improvement as will compensate for the loss of their labor. Pull off their shoes, and let their feet come in contact with the soil. The animals need change as do men of business need the mountain air or the cooling sea breeze. Our domestic animals, except the horse, all have a week's rest, but so dependent are we on the constant services of this animal that we cannot spare him even for a week.

TO TEACH A HORSE HOW TO BACK AND TO LEAD.

[Rural New-Yorker.]

Take him to the top of a rather steep piece of ground, stand his hind feet down the slope, throw the bridle reins over the neck, place yourself in front, and take hold of them on each side of the head close up to the bit. Now press the bit against the sides of the mouth, and speak gently—"back, back"—and the horse will soon learn to do this. Next, take him on to the top of ground not quite so steep, and pursue the same course. When the horse has learned to back readily down hill, he can be taken on to level ground to do it. As soon as this lesson is well taught, harness him to a light, empty wagon, and go through the same course. When completed, jump into the wagon, take the reins in hand, pull on them, at the same time speaking to him, "back, back," and thus keep up the discipline till the animal is perfected in it. If he has a mate, after both are well instructed, they can be harnessed together and drilled till perfect in backing.

Three things, as above stated, must be strictly observed: First, to place the horse with his back down descending ground; second, when harnessed, let it be to a light, empty wagon, which requires the least possible effort to back it; third, be perfectly kind to the horse, speak gently, pat it on the neck, stroke down its face with the hand, and on no account strike it. As soon as the horse understands what is wanted of him, he will do it with alacrity. It is not from ill temper or stubbornness that a horse does not back at once when spoken to, it is from sheer ignorance—he does not know what is wanted, or how to do it till gently taught.

A second method is to harness the horse alongside of another well broken to back, and set the hind end of the wagon on a sloping piece of ground, and follow the directions above, or jump into the wagon and take the reins in hand; but it is better to discipline alone at first, as above.

To teach a horse to lead, let a man or boy take the end of the bridle in hand and gently pull on it, while another holds out a dish with grain or meal in it. The horse will then advance to it. Now let him nibble a small quantity, then move with the dish a little further in front, and so keep on till he is taught to lead well. He can also be taught by putting him alongside of another horse which leads easily. He ought to be rather hungry when thus drilled, so he will come up eagerly to the dish of grain.

GROOMING HORSES.

The feet and legs of horses, says the N. Y. Herald, requires more care than the rest of the body. They must not be allowed to stand in filth and moisture, and in grooming a horse the feet and legs must be as thoroughly brushed and cleaned as the coat. A little oil-cake meal mixed with the food will give a glossiness to the skin and have a good effect on the health.

☞ Give all animals, when in a barn, plenty of straw for bedding, keep them scrupulously clean, and well fed; keep all drugs from them. It is a mistaken idea that drugs will improve their condition. Never allow any person to tease live stock in any way. Save all the manure carefully. Stock your farm to its fullest extent with horses, cattle, sheep, and hogs, raise all the feed possible, and you have put your coarse grains, fodder and straw to the possible increasing the profits of the farm.

Correspondence.

RIVERS AND SPRINGS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

It would show a rational forecast and provision of the future if the State were more mindful of the small tributaries to larger rivers that have their springs in sources in the spurs of the Berkshire mountains and in the swamps and small lakes of the more central shires; for as the timber is cut off from the head waters of once copious streams, there is sure to follow a gradual shrinkage in their flow. In the preservation and protection of the head springs of many of these ultimate rivers, the State of Connecticut is, perhaps, more than equally concerned from its large investments in manufacturing companies, and that little Rhody herein owns a lively interest need none surprise.

"For as the water marks the gum and not its sise."

Though the sources of the Taunton, the Blackstone, the Thames, the Farmington and the Housatonic are in Massachusetts, yet these two latter states are more enriched and nourished by their flow than the state that owns their sources.

As this is so, is it prudent to leave so great and stupendous interests to the precarious chances that are always connected with individual ownership of land? The impending foreclosure of a mortgage, or the natural rise in the value of timber may compel or call for the clearing up of swamps and hillsides, that may kill or cut off innumerous springs and streams at the next succeeding drought. What is the remedy? Even conceding the prophecy of some that, in the course of time, steam or some more steady power must replace water power entirely, as they have already to a great degree. The claims and rights of the public would be still as strong upon these streams in the interests of navigation, and above all in the great primary interests of the fisheries. The Commonwealth is the true power to call on to secure the common weal, that is, the permanent interests of the people. A square mile owned by the State in perpetuity at the head springs of these streams might keep up their vitality forever, so that far off generations might maintain a grateful memory of the forecast and generosity of their sires. If so much power and authority be peddled out to corporations, so that the idea of true State sovereignty seems lost, those bodies without souls will certainly do for the people—in a certain sense; but too often in a way most opposite to the common weal. It is time the State should work directly for the people and not delegate too much power to bodies self-elected and practically irresponsible.

DRUID.

Agawam, Mass.

The Dairy.

HOW FINE BUTTER IS MADE.

[New York Times.]

The process of making butter is an important one, for the best butter may be spoiled and poor butter may be improved in the working. When the butter is churned it is taken from the churn and placed on a smooth maple, birch or chestnut table or other butter worker, or put into a bowl. If the churn will admit of it, the buttermilk may be drawn off, and clear, cold water poured into it, and the butter washed in that way in separate waters until it runs off quite clear, and the butter is quite free from milk. This is indispensable if the butter is expected to keep well. It is then salted at the rate of one ounce to the pound of butter. The butter is pressed out with the ladle, and never to be worked by the hands under any circumstances, and the salt is spread over it; it is then doubled and pressed out again and cut and gashed with the ladle, but never rubbed or plastered, but only squeezed and pressed, until the salt is pretty evenly mixed; it is then put away in a cool place for 24 hours or so, as may be convenient. It will then appear streaky and patchy, and is worked over in the same way as before until it becomes free from this streakiness and even in color, by the thorough mixture of the salt. This is done by squeezing it with the ladle, a small piece at a time, and pressing it out into a flat sheet, doubling it and again squeezing it out, so as to get all the salt and moisture in it evenly through the mass. The color is then alike all over. No more working is then required. The first working requires about 10 minutes for 20 or 25 pounds, the second about 15 minutes. It should then break with a coarse, uneven fracture, much like that of a piece of beeswax, and should appear even cut of a granular texture and quite free from greasiness, and fine drops of clear brine should follow the knife as it is cut. It is not well to try to get all the moisture out of the butter, as this improves its texture and flavor. If the cream has been well kept and the butter well made and churned, this should have a very sweet and fragrant scent, quite free from acidity or pungency. It is a peculiar scent, and belongs only to the best butter, and when this odor is absent, the right flavor is wanting, because the scent and aroma, and the flavor as well, are all attributes of pure fresh butter. The butter should be packed as soon as it is worked the last time; no butter needs a third working; the package should be quite free from all disagreeable scent or impurity; white oak, spruce, or white ash are the best materials for the tubs or pails. White oak has an agreeable scent when fresh and stands first for butter packages. The package should first be scalded, then rinsed in cold water, then rubbed with a little salt, then rinsed with a little water, just enough to wash off the salt, but not to freshen the wood, and the butter is packed in the damp pail at once, being pressed down solid so that no air-holes are left. The pail is filled completely full, and may be covered with a piece of muslin dipped in brine, or with paraffine paper, and closed up at once tightly and put away in a cool place or sold, which is the best plan.

COLORED MEN AS FARMERS.

[Tallahassee (Florida.)]

As the year draws to a close the results of farming operations by those not engaged in truck-gardening are being ascertained, and some colored men are among those who have been very successful in their planting operations this season. Most colored men in Leon county farm on a small scale, which, however, is no drawback to successful and profitable farming. Primus Nelums, a colored man farming on Mr. H. S. Elliott's Lake Iamonia plantation, with one small steer to do his plowing, has this season raised enough corn, fodder and other truck to last him until the next crop is harvested, and has nine bales of cotton to sell for cash. Mike Gordon, also colored, cropping on the plantation of Mrs. Costen, with a horse to pull his plow, has more than three hundred dollars to be placed on the profit side of his farm account for 1882.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

KIEFFER'S HYBRID PEAR.

BY CHARLES M. HOVEY.

To the Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

A great deal has been said about the Kieffer pear, and now for the first time, having had an opportunity to try it, I have been surprised at the following account of it:—

"We have eaten fruit of the Kieffer pear which was equal in lusciousness to any pear we ever ate."—*T. Meehan in Gardener's Monthly.*

"Kieffer's Hybrid is of very good quality, good size, deep yellow color and orange, when exposed to the sun ripening in October, and from what I have seen of it, is a prominent variety for market as well as family use."—*Chas. Downing.*

"We shall be very much disappointed if it does not prove to be a valuable and profitable market fruit."—*Am. Agriculturist.*

"Flesh fine grained, juicy, sugary and aromatic."—*Am. Farmer.*

"Of remarkable excellence, giving promise of a race of great value."—*Centennial Exposition.*

Some years ago when discussing some question relating to plants in the Magazine of Horticulture, my friend Mr. Meehan took the occasion to remark in the Gardener's Monthly that "he did not know that Mr. Hovey professed to have much knowledge of Botany;" and I can now have the pleasure of

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 25, 1882.

☞ *Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.*

It is not expected that the negotiations between Russia and the Vatican will result in anything.

A quorum of the Ways and Means Committee could not be procured this week in Washington, and the Committee consequently adjourned until the assembling of Congress.

The British soldiers and officers who distinguished themselves in the Egyptian war were decorated by Queen Victoria at Windsor on Tuesday. She thus adopts the true imperial style.

On the assumption that Congress is about to meddle with the existing tariff, a number of the Bessemer steel and iron companies at the West threaten to stop entirely, or at least to curtail their productions next month.

At the nine principal ports of the country there arrived during the month of October 45,965 emigrants from foreign countries. That is equivalent to the population of twelve respectably sized cities in a year.

The eighth procedure rule in closure was the last one adopted, and Mr. Gladstone accepted an amendment providing that the rule should not apply in nominating select committees. The rule thus amended was carried.

The new Fish Exchange of Boston is not able to control the actions of the masters of all the fishing vessels yet. An entire fleet on Monday last arrived and refused to accept the prices offered for the cod and haddock it brought, and instantly set sail for Gloucester, where the fares were satisfactorily disposed of.

The Congressional committee on ship building, which has been in session for the past two weeks in New York, has been taking testimony of an interesting character, the weight of which establishes the fact that little more is required for the immediate development and prosperity of the ship-building interest but the abolition of the duties on the materials which enter into the construction of ships, and the reformation of the navigation laws. Nothing has been said about subsidy from beginning to end.

Information from the Cambridge Observatory respecting the comet shows that it is steadily growing paler and more spectral in appearance, and is receding from the sun in an orbit corresponding to the ephemeris calculated at the Observatory, and announced several weeks ago. The comet is still a conspicuous object, and will remain within telescopic observation for nearly two months. It was first seen in Australia September 7th. It was seen by nobody in the northern hemisphere prior to perihelion.

The extraordinary electrical disturbances of the past week and more, and the coincident nightly appearance of brilliant flaming northern lights, have excited a very wide interest, astronomically as well as popularly. It has been discovered that the mean of seven periods of magnetic oscillations, from 1878 to 1871, is 11,9 years; that the mean period of the sun spots is 11.9 years; and that the auroral displays have the same period.

At the time we write these lines, the venerable editor and journalist, Thurlow Weed, is in the last stages of existence, his recovery being regarded as impossible. He belonged to the journalists, and especially the political journalists of the last generation of public men. He was from the first the confidant of Mr. Seward, and as the editor of the Albany Evening Journal for a long term of years exercised a mysterious but most effective influence on the politics of the old Whig party. He was a friend of Mr. Lincoln, and an ardent supporter of the Republican party to the last of his life. Since writing the above, we learn that Mr. Weed died on Tuesday morning last.

CHEAP BEEF.

The question of cheap food of every kind is always one of the first importance to a people, and to a free industrial people above all others. To a people like our own, that has been accustomed to a generous meat diet, the question of cheap beef is hardly less interesting than that of cheap bread. And that is the reason why public attention is now drawn so strongly to the issue which has recently been raised between the dressed beef dealers on the one hand, with their centre of operations in Chicago, and the live-cattle shipping, with their stock yards near the same city, on the other. The farmers kill and dress their beef at Chicago, and forward it in refrigerator cars to the Eastern market; the latter ship their beef on the hoof, and slaughter it after a horrible journey of some four or five days in such condition as it may chance to arrive.

Dressed beef reaches the consumers in a perfectly ripened state, and is all ready for eating. It is denied that it is subjected to the process of freezing in the refrigerator cars, thus rendering it incapable of being kept at all after thawing again. The dressed beef men assert that it is merely kept, after killing, at a temperature sufficiently low to suspend the natural process of decay until it reaches the hands of the retailer and consumer. The charge of freezing-and-thawing is thus met and answered by the originators of the new enterprise. In competition with the latter a combination of New York and Chicago capital is announced, that threatens to go into the dressed beef business for the express purpose of underselling them in the Eastern market and eventually driving them out of the field. Of course this cannot be done except with vastly superior capital and transportation facilities, and both of these the new combination possesses.

Mr. Vanderbilt is credited with the origination of this scheme of competion, in the working of which he appears only through certain men who are very near his person and interests. His plan is said to be to drive the dressed-beef men out of the market by cutting under the lowest prices which they can stand, and thus obtaining the monopoly of the market for himself. After that he will bring the dressed beef business to an end, and proceed with the live cattle trade as before, with high prices for bruised, fattened and diseased meat as the inevitable consequence. If any one asks what his motive can be for doing this, and why he should show such active hostility to an enterprise that promises to supply the mass of consumers with cheap meat, the answer is to be found in the fact that he is the chief owner and the supreme controller of a great railroad line from New York to Chicago, and also the main owner of the immense stock yard at Chicago, whose present value is estimated at twenty-six million dollars.

The cost of transporting dressed beef from Chicago to the Eastern market is not more than one-half of what it cost to transport live cattle; and in this fact will be found a further explanation of the motive that would naturally actuate him to the course above outlined. As the largest owner in a trunk railroad line to the West, he would be strongly averse to the sudden loss of such large transportation profits as the success of the dressed-beef experiment would render certain. Therefore his scheme is to get up a rival dressed-beef company, through which he can drive the Chicago butchers' enterprise permanently out of the market, and then reinstate the live cattle business in its former power. He could well afford to lose the comparatively small amount he would be obliged to, in order to prevent the permanent loss which he would be compelled to submit to from the termination of the trade in live cattle with the East. The Chicago butchers themselves confess that they could not stand the competition of overpowering capital and the railroads together.

THE "COUNTRY MEETING" Of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture.

On the 5th, 6th and 7th days of December, the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture will hold its annual Country Meeting at Northampton, the programme being fully laid down in another part of our present issue. A perusal of it ought to convince any one of the variety and value of the addresses which are to be delivered, and of the eminent capability of the several speakers who are to be present. The subjects to be discussed all relate closely to the current interests of agriculture, and are calculated to deeply stimulate the interest of every farmer in the Commonwealth in the proceedings. There is every reason for expecting a large and enthusiastic attendance at this Northampton meeting of the State Board, whose influence will be directly felt in the various channels through which agricultural enterprise is known to be reached. With this meeting opens the new Agricultural Year in the State.

This annual Country Meeting of the State Board forms a kind of agricultural Senate, composed as it is of men who possess the widest and most varied experience in farming matters, and who are each one in some single department of agricultural science acknowledged experts. A new generation has come upon the scene since these Country Meetings were first held. They were inaugurated by the State Board, and in this far-reaching work no man can more justly be styled the parent and projector than the venerable Marshall P. Wilder, who is still spared to witness and participate in the fruits of his enterprise and care. From the very first the annual Country Meeting was successful. Its session inspired a spirit of enquiry among the farmers within the circuit of its influence, to such a degree that nothing promised to satisfy it but their greater frequency; and for this the State Board was not itself prepared, nor did it appear how it consistently could be, as the high order of talent engaged necessarily involved great expense, for which there could be no appropriation from the State. Happily, at this juncture, the New England Agricultural Society was ready to take hold in cooperation.

It began and opened *Institutes* not merely in Massachusetts, where the Country Meeting originated, but throughout New England, defraying the expenses itself that there might be no impediment in the new path now opened to agricultural enterprise. So successful was this experimental work, it was not long before its reactionary influence was felt in the different State Boards of Agriculture; and they proceeded, one after another, to adopt resolutions to the effect that every County Society which was the annual recipient of bounty from the State treasury should be required to hold not less than three Institutes in the course of the year. And the result of that vote so far as the Mass. State Board is, that between thirty and forty local institutes are held in Massachusetts alone in the course of the year. When we stop to estimate the substantial service which these Institutes yearly perform in their several localities, it will be understood what valuable aids they are to agricultural progress and development.

But the "Institute" is not by any means identical with the Country Meeting. Offshoot from the latter as it is, it has a character and scope more or less its own. Practically it differs from the Country Meeting in this significant feature, that, while it is a meeting of farmers in their several localities to advance agricultural knowledge and interests, it is attended by at least one member of the State Board, who thus brings to it the prestige and authority which the latter alone is competent to confer. But although the discussions are conducted by the farmers themselves, who most immediately feel the importance of the topics selected for such discussion, and with whom, at the last, lies the real, practical knowledge on all subjects connected with farming, the presence of a member of the State Board at each Institute meeting is of recognized influence and importance, and gives an authoritative character to the Institute which it is specially requisite that it should possess.

The reflex influence of this participation of the State Board by its individual members in the Board itself is not the smallest of the advantages of such an arrangement and order. They generally carry back with them to their own conclave the practical knowledge which they may thus have acquired in illustration of their theories; so that when they convene in annual session in the "Country Meeting," each member being an acknowledged expert in some single department or branch of agricultural science, it will be readily understood what a large, varied and solid accumulation of fact and theory is thus secured on all matters relating to farming enterprise and farming operations. The State Board thus goes out among the farmers to gather the practical verification of the agricultural theories, projects which it may choose to entertain; while the latter, in their turn, receive a stimulating and clarifying influence from the Board, which is eminently desirable in order to high, practical success.

The State Board, therefore, in its annual "Country Meeting," may properly be said to sit in council—supervising, originating, stimulating, and directing the agricultural enterprise of the State through its deliberations and declarations. Such is the character of the Meeting, and as such its approaching sessions are naturally looked forward to by the farmers of the State, and of other States as well, with as intense interest as the politicians look forward to the annual meeting of Congress. If not in the accepted sense an august body, it is characterised by dignity, special learning, the investigating spirit, and the inspiring passion for progress in the one great field on which rests all human prosperity and happiness. To the "Country Meeting" the honored Wilder gave the vigorous influence of his prime, and the world-renowned Agassiz annually went a tireless teacher and an enthusiastic learner.

The Jeannette inquiry continues to drag its slow length along in Washington, but it gains rather than loses in interest. The other day, when Engineer Melville described the scene at the time of finding the frozen bodies of Lieut. DeLong and his party, he became so much affected with his own narrative that he completely broke down, and it was some time before he could go on. Nobody doubted the sincerity of his emotion, and all who were witnesses of it refused in their thoughts to believe the charges of cowardice and neglect in making the search which have been brought against him.

The Trustees of Andover Theological Seminary have just chosen four new professors, whose names are yet to be submitted to the board of visitors. It is expected that the election will be promptly confirmed. The new professors come directly from churches, with a personal knowledge of what is required to make efficient teachers and ministers. They have had the advantage of travel and study in Europe, in addition to their training here. The new year will open with a strong and united faculty, the new professors beginning their work with the new seminary year.

The Fire in Providence on Tuesday was a sad catastrophe, resulting as it did in the immediate death of three persons and the serious injury of a number more. The fire broke out on the third floor of the Cullendar buildings, not far from the city's centre. It originated with the contact of a can of naphtha with a gas-jet. The room was filled with inflammable cloths for cleansing. Access to the stairway in the middle of the building was cut off almost at once. The scene was one to appal the boldest hearts, a crowd of persons precipitating themselves upon sure death.

The Markets.—Our quotations given elsewhere, will show the state of the markets this week. *Flour* is steady, with only a very quiet business doing. *Corn* is held at firmer prices, while *Oats*, *Bran* and *Barley* remain as quoted last week. The market for *Beans* shows no improvement. Choice Yellow Eyes are scarce and command $3,10@$3,25 at wholesale. In *Fruit*, the demand is moderate. Prices are strong for choice stock. Good cooking *Apples* are worth $2.00@$3 ₩ barrel, at wholesale. Baldwins, $2,50@$2,75; Gravensteins, $3,00@4,00. Some extra choice table Apples bring from $4,00@$6,00 ₩ barrel. *Cranberries* are higher, and the fancy Caps are selling at $12.00@$13, and Country at $10,00@$12,00. The *Poultry market* is very firm for choice Chickens, which are in light supply. It will be noticed by reference to our quotations that *Pork* is decidedly lower since our last report, while the market for *Beef* is unsteady and prices unchanged, except for sirloin and rump steak, which is two cents per pound lower than last week, at retail. The *Butter market* is rather dull and prices are unsteady, though we cannot change our quotations this week. The *Cheese market* is very firm, and choice stock brings from 12¼ to 13¼ cents per pound, while some extra is held at 14¼ cents at wholesale. Cape *Eggs* are retailing at 38 to 40 cents; Eastern at 35 and Northern at 33 cents. *Fish.*—There has been considerable excitement during the week between what is known as the "fish combination" or "ring," and the fishermen, the former offering only $1.00 per hundred for cod and haddock, the latter asking $2.00, which finally result d in the refusal of the fishermen to sell to the combination at any price. Twelve vessels, with their freights, left this port for Gloucester, where they found a ready sale at the price asked. The "ring" has since collapsed and the war has not effected any change in the fish market, the dealers being readily supplied from Gloucester.

Elegant Corn.—The farming public is interested in every enterprise that promises to be of benefit to itself, which originates on the Farm of the Massachusetts Agricultural College. Hence it is with extreme satisfaction that we are able to chronicle the experiments with Indian Corn which have resulted in the production of seed corn for an increasing annual distribution, that will not fail to be eagerly sought after by the farmers of Massachusetts and New England. It is named the Longfellow Corn, and is the result of careful selection, for the last thirty years, by the Longfellow family, residing in Georgetown, Essex Co., and is probably, all things considered, one of the best varieties, if not the best, for Massachusetts cultivation. The ears are very long, eight rowed, filled out to the extreme tips, with a small cob of even size from the butts to the tips. Stover of medium growth, and early enough to become thoroughly ripened in ordinary seasons. The Trustees of the Massachusetts Agricultural College have had a quantity of it grown at the College Farm this season, for the purpose of being able to furnish the thoroughbred seed-corn, having obtained the seed for this crop from the original producer of this variety.

Queen Victoria decorated 370 of the returned Egyptian troops, on Tuesday, at Windsor, including the Indian contingent. The ceremony was an imposing one, and suggested imperialism quite as much as were royalty. The Prince of Wales and nearly all the royal family were present as witnesses to the ceremony. In conferring the decorations, the Queen said: "I have called you here to day to express my best thanks for the gallantry and devotion you displayed in the short but decisive campaign in Egypt, and to say how proud I am of my soldiers and sailors, who have added fresh laurels to those already obtained in previous campaigns, and of their devotion to their Queen and country."

Now we are told by the astronomers that the absolute value of the transit of Venus to science as a means of estimating the earth's distance from the sun is put altogether too high in the popular mind. No compendious report of the work eight years ago in that regard has yet been published. The observations of the present year have been awaited, in order to compare and verify former ones. Still another method of ascertaining our distance from the sun is based on a series of observations from the satellites of Jupiter. But the most reliable of all is believed to be the observations of the perturbations of the planets.

At the Conclusion of the sessions of the Congressional committee on American shipbuilding, they discussed the various points presented by those who appeared before them, so far as related to legislative obstructions to the successful use of American vessels in the foreign trade after they are built. The committee were unanimously of the opinion that all such legislative obstruction should be removed. A subcommittee is to draft a bill and report in accordance with the views of the committee, and will report to the full committee next Saturday. The free ship question and that of a rebate on duty for materials for building vessels to be employed in the foreign trade, were put over to adjourned meeting.

After making a short and sharp contest with the fishermen, the Boston Fish Exchange passed an unanimous vote to dissolve last Tuesday afternoon. Each of the 36 firms of wholesale fish, dealers belonging to the Exchange was represented at the meeting. The unanimous sentiment was that it was inexpedient to continue the organization any longer. This restores matters to their old basis. Dealers are now free to buy where and of whom they please, and fishermen with fresh fares can sell for any price they can get. The monopoly is over, and the ring is no more. The fishermen may say that victory *perches* on their banners.

France will pay all the money that is called for in aid of domestic improvements, but when it comes to spending on foreign projects it is an entirely different matter. The Congo-River treaty is what troubles the deputies at the present time. They are ambitious to plant France in the heart of Africa, and they are ambitious of a good many other things. And just when they are ready to fir the tri-color at every point known to civilization, the popular temper changes, and all goes "up in a balloon."

There was a decided break in the stock market on Tuesday, amounting to demoralization. Prices have not run so low in a long time before. The "bulls" no longer have the grip on the market, but appear to have lost its entirety. They are still reckoned the leaders in the ranks of speculators, but speculation has now taken a down grade, and the "bears" are in possession. The way one stock "sympathizes" with another is remarkable. People fail generally to see the connection, but it is evident that there is one nevertheless. The market this week, has been pretty effectually shaken up.

The Garfield Memorial Monument Fair opens in Washington on Saturday of this week. The President has directed that all the Executive departments be closed at noon, in honor of the opening ceremonies, the President and his Cabinet intending to participate. The opening oration is to be omitted.

A large sun-spot was seen from the Harvard College Observatory on Tuesday. It was so large as to be discerned with the naked eye. This goes still one step further to prove that electrical disturbances are connected with the appearance of spots on the sun.

☞ At the granite quarryof O. T. Rogers, Braintree, Mass., a heavy stone fell on Tuesday, killing John Joyce and Timothy Callahan.

THE LAW OF CURE UNDER THE COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT.

The objection which is frequently urged against Compound Oxygen by persons who have not made themselves acquainted with the natural and scientific laws governing its action, is that the same agent administered is for all diseases—for Neuralgia or Catarrh; for Consumption or Rheumatism; for Heart Disease or Bronchitis. That it is offered as a universal specific. In this feature of the Compound Oxygen Dr. G. R. Starkey has fully explained the nature and action of this Treatment, and shown that it is not specific to any disease or class of diseases, but that it acts directly upon the vitality of blood and vital organs, and thence universally in the whole body. *It gives new forces and a more vigorous action to all the life-centres, thus restoring to nature the dominant power and healthy action which had been lost.* This being the case, no matter what the disease, or where located, it must be gradually ameliorated, and, if the central healthy action can be maintained, finally cured. Every intelligent and unprejudiced person will at once see that if the law of action which is claimed for Compound Oxygen be the true one, *its operation must be universal, and not local or specific*; and that all forms of disease may be reached by this agent. This Treatise will be *sent free* to all who desire to receive. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ *The Atlantic Monthly* for December offers the following table of contents to its readers and the general public: Two on a Tower, by Thomas Hardy, continued; Art and Wealth, by O. B. Frothingham; Studies in the South, No. X.; Œdipus, by Agnes Paton; Hamlet in Paris, by Theodore Child; The House of a Merchant Prince, continued; An Afternoon in Holland, by Sarah Orne Jewett; Persian Dualism; Our Dark Age in Music, by John S. Dwight; The Ancestral Footstep; Outlines of an English Romance, by Nathaniel Hawthorne; Lydia Maria Child; Gasse's Study of Gray; Illustrated Books; The Contributors' Club; and the usual notices of the Books of the Month. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

☞ *The Popular Science Monthly* for December contains a rich variety of sterling contributions to scientific literature. It runs as follows; Mr. Goldwin Smith on "The Data of Ethics;" Time-Keeping in London, illustrated; The Relations of the Natural sciences; Brain-Weight and Brain-Power; The Cell State; American and Foreign Asphalts; Speculative Zoology; Annual Growth of Trees; Science in Relation to the Arts; Musical Sensations; Is Fingal's Cave Artificial? illustrated; The Spectroscope and the Weather; Criminality in Animals; Sketch of Matthias Jabob Schleiden, with portrait; Entertaining Varieties; and the Editor's Table, and Literary Notes and Popular Miscellany. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

☞ *Harper's Monthly* for December contains the following list of articles, the illustrations being profuse through the number, the frontispiece being "Decorating the Church for Christmas;" The Columbia River, illustrated; William Black at Home, illustrated; Found Drowned, illustrated; The Great Seaport of Western France, illustrated; Two Poems by Herrick, illustrated: Southern California, Number III, illustrated; Cameos of Colonial Carolina, illustrated; Storing Electricity, illustrated; New England in the Colonial Period, by Prof. John Fiske; Two serial novels—For the Major, and Shandon Bells; Short Stories,—The Singular Vote of Aut Filbox, Among the Rose Roots, and Tom's Monument; Poems; and the full Editorial Department. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

☞ *The Jolly Rover*, by J. T. Trowbridge, illustrato, is the last one in the "Silver Medal Series," and it not the best, at least as good as the best of them all. The author's aim is to portray the false ideas and misconduct that are promoted in youth by reading the pernicious literature of our time. The hero is a well born boy, who thinks he *must see* the world and do something for himself. He aims to emulate the Dime Novel heroes, and begins by running away from home. The story narrates the adventure, away from home, which will excite every boy's curiosity. Published by Lee & Shepard.

☞ *Footlight Frolics*, by Mrs. Chas. F. Fernald, is the title of a little collection of dramatic entertainments for home and school, consisting of school opera, charades, Christmas capers, home plays, &c. &c., to serve the purposes of young people and children. Its special aim is to purify such entertainments, and thereby to elevate and instruct the youthful mind. The enjoyment furnished is intended to be merry, healthy and real. Published by Lee and Shepard.

☞ *Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.*, of New York, send out a condensed list of their publications, which has been issued during the past season by nearly one hundred volumes: many of them being by American as well as foreign authors, and including the single Alphabet Book for the youngest child as well as the sumptuous Art Book for the lover of fine illustrated works. We note especially their Dante's Inferno, The Changing Year, Wild Animals and Birds; Their Haunts and Habits, Milton's Paradise Lost, The Bible Gallery, Poems and Pictures, and Pictures of Bird-Life in Pen and Pencil. All booksellers have the publications of this firm, and complete catalogues are sent on application.

☞ *The United States Art Directory and Year Book*, a Guide for artists, art students, travellers, and others, compiled by E. R. Koehler, is published in convenient form by Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York, and will be found of superior convenience for the purpose for which it is designed. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

☞ *Paul and Perna*, or The Revolutionary Struggle in the Mohawk Valley, by Mrs. Mary E. Brush, illustrated, is a genuinely good story for the perusal of youth, and it will prove not less entertaining and instructive for older people also. The scenes are laid in the interior of New York State, and they are pictured with great vividness. The real Indian appears and takes part in the story. Published by Lee & Shepard, and for sale by W. B. Clarke and Carruth.

☞ *The Fallacies and Follies* of "Science, falsely so called," with a challenge to Rationalists, by Stephen A. Hodgman, author of "Moses and the Philosophers," aims to "cut up by the roots Modern Rationalism in all its forms."

☞ *Ballou's Monthly Magazine* for December, by Thomes and Talbot, is a continuation of this successful monthly, which offers popular reading of good quality and generous abundance.

☞ *The New England Conservatory of Music* gave their 1026th Recital at the Music Hall in this city, on Thursday, the 23d inst., in the afternoon, which was enjoyed by a large and enthusiastic assembly. The next term of the Conservatory begins on Monday next, the 27th.

☞ Those who are looking about in these last days of autumn for their Winter Overcoats will need no hint from us to visit the large and well-stocked house of *Macullar, Parker and Co*, 400 Washington st, and 42 Westminster st., Providence, where farbrics may be selected in every variety at all grades of cost, including Scotch, West of England, German, and American manufactures and such textures as elysians, diagonals, cheviots kerseys and pilots, beavers, friezes, and chinchillas. One could not help being suited here both in quality and price. Prices range from twenty to forty two dollars. Macullar, Parker and Co. is the name of one of the oldest and best of the great Boston clothing houses for the people.

☞ *Palmer, Batchelder and Co.*, are all ready for Thanksgiving drafts on their rich and large stock of silver ware, and have been honoring the drafts for some time. They offer to buyers of every taste and ability one of the finest assortments of housekeeping silver ware, table cutlery, fruit bowls, baking dishes, tea sets, and the like, to be found in Boston. An early visit is all that will insure the widest choice and the largest satisfaction.

☞ As Clerk Bullock of the Fall River Post Office was surveying purchases on Monday evening, to see if it contained any writing, it exploded and burned both of his hands. It proved to be a box of liquid for lighting cigars.

☞ A steam tug-boat was burned on fire in Sunderland, Mass., with the delicious purpose of roasting her husband, who was confined therein with a broken leg, was sentenced to the House of Correction for three years.

☞ Subscriptions amounting to $3000 have been made by individuals for the reduction of the debt of the Auleboro' Farmers and Mechanics' Association. To further the same end the proprietors of the grand stand have each presented the Association one share in that structure, and it has purchased the remaining shares, so that the stand has now become the property of the Society, which will henceforth receive the income therefrom.

Patterson Organs.—Everybody is want of a beautiful organ, is referred to the new advertisement of James P. Patterson, the manufacturer, Bridgeport, Conn. Horace W. Dryden Mansfield, Bristol Co., Mass., writes: The Parlor Grand Organ which you sent me again gives more than satisfaction. For power, sweetness and depth of tone, I cannot find its equal. It cannot be surpassed for finish, workmanship and beauty of design in case. It is a standing advertisement for you and a profitable investment for myself."

—Snow cams early and suddenly this season, and winter was right upon us before we had a day's warning.

Skill in the Workshop.—To do good work the mechanic must have good health. If long hours of confinement in close rooms have enfeebled his band or dimmed his sight, let him at once, and before some organic trouble appears, take plenty of Hop Bitters. His system will be rejuvenated, his nerves strengthened, his sight become clear, and the whole constitution be built up to a higher working condition.

—Mr. Gladstone expresses the hope that the post of Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer will not long continue united, as they now are.

☞ Writing Desks and contents worth $4 given away by E. G. Rideout & Co., New York. Every reader can get one who renders a trifling service. See their advertisement.

—Foxhall, the colt owned and run by Mr. Keene, has just been sold for seven thousand guineas.

WHAT WOMEN SHOULD USE.

Dyspepsia, weak back, despondency and other troubles comsec mo fearful suf fering, but Parker's Ginger Tonic makes me feel like a new person. Cured of many wrongs. Every woman should use it. Mrs. Garite, Pittsburg.

☞ (1.) "The Salvation Army in England, by One Who Knows It." (2.) "The Story of John Pounds, the Founder of Ragged Schools, by the Minister of his Church." (3.) "American Bands of Mercy, and other Bands, by their Secretary." (4.) "Sketches of English Life and Character." English and American papers de-cribe the Lectures of Mr. Timmins as "Masterly," "Intensely interesting," "Able and Eloquent." The Rev. Thos. Timmins, of England, is prepared to give Lectures on the above Subjects. Terms to suit. Address, or call at 96 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. "Note the advertisement of the eloquent preacher, Rev. Mr. Timmins. The topics and speaker must command attention."—[Dr. Emerson, Editor of Christian Leader.

"Mr. Timmins is a finished speaker, apt in illustration, and at times very eloquent. He holds his audience throughout the entire delivery of an address by his able and masterly presentation of the subject."—[Geo. Hayes, Editor of the Massachusetts Ploughman, and T. W. Bicknell, Editor of the Journal of Education. oct21 3t

—It is not generally believed that Arabi Pacha ordered the burning of the city of Alexandria.

THE HORSE KICKED HIM.

The horse is a noble animal, and one of the best friends of man. Yet no man wants even his best friend to kick him in the back. Mr. Libby, of Lowell, Mass., received such a kick from a horse in 1865. Ever since he has been a martyr to spinal suffering. Perry Davis's Pain Killer has relieved him from a great deal of agony. While he has been using this valuable remedy he has enjoyed his life as he never could have done otherwise. "Accidents will happen." Provide against them by procuring Pain Killer.

☞ A five-pound can of powder exploded in Nelson Lewis's gun shop at Troy, N. Y. The shop and an adjoining store were wrecked. Wm. E. Lynch, son of the proprietor was dangerously injured.

☞ Women that have been pronounced incurable by the best physicians have been completely cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

—Ten car-loads of immigrants are unloaded at Chicago every day.

☞ "Figures are not always facts," but the incontrovertible facts concerning Kidney-Wort are better than most figures. For instance: "It is curing everybody" writes a druggist. "Kidney-Wort is the most popular medicine we sell." It should be by right, for no other medicine has such specific action on the liver, bowels and kidneys. Do not fail to try it.

—A number of Philadelphia capitalists are about to erect a large hotel on the shore of Lake George.

☞ Vegetine is a great panacea for our aged fathers and mothers; for it gives them strength, quiets their nerves, and gives them Nature's sweet sleep.

—General De Pierola, the former dictator of Peru, is in Washington, though he receives no official attentions from our Government.

☞ Hundreds of letters from those using Ayer's Hair Vigor attests its value as a restorer of gray hair to its natural color. As a stimulant and tonic, preventing and often curing baldness, and cleansing and soothing the scalp, its use cannot be too strongly recommended.

—The Joyce murder trial in Ireland has resulted in the finding of Patrick Casey guilty, and he has been sentenced to be hanged on the 15th of December.

☞ Trial proves that honesty is the best policy in medicine as well as in other things. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a genuine preparation, an unequalled blood purifier, decidedly superior to all others.

—It is proposed to hold a World's Cotton Centennial Exposition, under the auspices of the American Cotton Planters' Association, in some city of the United States, during the year 1884

☞ In the *Hop Plaster* are united the virtues of Fresh Hops and the strengthening and stimulating balsams, and its cures of weak back, pain in the side, rheumatism and neuralgia or pain in the chest are simply marvellous, it being more efficacious and thorough than any amount of liniment or liquid remedies. You'll say so after using.

—The long-pending Hazard will case, in Rhode Island, has finally been amicably adjusted, the widow receiving $65,000 outright or $3500 a year.

☞ Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., quickly relieved by Brown's Bronchical Troches. A simple and effectual remedy, superior to all other articles for the same purpose. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cts.

—The architects who superintended the erection of the new State capitol at Albany, have written a formal letter to the Governor, giving the reasons why they consider the edifice safe for occupancy and use.

FACTS WORTH REMEMBERING.

There is no danger of dying from heart disease without knowing it for months, and generally years, beforehand. The symptoms are plain and often repeated. There will be no danger at all if Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator is taken in time and according to directions. It will never fail to cure all forms of heart disease.

—The rumor of the sudden outgushing of a five hundred barrel oil-well in Forest Co., Penn., created a panic in the petroleum market one day last week, the operators supposing they had got the market snugly cornered.

☞ Premature grayness avoided by using Parker's Hair Balsam, distinguished for its cleanliness and perfume.

☞ Annie Merril, daughter of Jesse Merril of Stratham, aged 20, committed suicide by hanging in the barn on Monday. No cause is assigned.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.* oct14-13t-eow

☞ Gertie Allen, an eight year-old daughter of W. H. Allen of Henniker, had her right arm badly broken on Monday by being caught on a shaft at the Courser Mill.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Nov. 16th, by Rev. M. J. Savage' Dexter L. Crandall to Rose M. Keyes, both of Rowe, Mass.

In Charlestown, Nov. 16th, by Rev. Charles F. Lee, Chas. Jones P. Morse to Florence C. Bowen, both of Charlestown.

In Cambridge, Nov. 14th, by Rev. G. W. Bosworth, D. D., Mr. Arthur D. Patch of Haverhill to Miss Flora Cunningham, daughter of the officiating clergyman.

In Newburyport, Nov. 14th, by Rev. W. M. Ayers, Robert Gunnison to Mary Woodman Johnston, both of Newburyport.

In Newburyport, Nov. 15th, by Rev. W. M. Ayers, Willard O. Collins to Nellie Hersey, both of Newburyport.

In Lowell, Nov. 14th, by Rev. C. P. H. Nason of Chelsea, William F. Patten to Nellie F. Newhall, daughter of H. L. Newhall, all of Lowell.

In Rockport, Nov. 21st, by Rev. E. Davis, Mr. Aaron L. Tuttle to Miss Jennie L. Bent, both of Rockport.

In Sanbornton, N. H., by Rev. J. D. Tilton, Mr. Edwin H. Fernier of Washington, N. H., to Miss Mattie J. Crockett, daughter of Mr. Arthur J. Crockett of Sanbornton.

In Milton, Nov. 16th, by Rev. Mr. Frothingham, D. D., of Milton, Mr. C. M. White of Cambridge to Miss C. L. Vose of Milton.

In Gorham, Me., Nov. 16th, by Rev. Z. J. Wheeler, Nicholas S. Burnham to Ida M. Veasey, both of Boston.

DEATHS.

In this city, Nov. 20th, Abby L., wife of Ezra Brown, 74 years.

In this city, Nov. 21st, Mr. Zebedee Jackson, 72 years.

In this city, Nov. 20th, Eliza F., wife of Abner J. Moo 7, 49 years.

In this city, Nov. 23d, John I. Brown, 92 years.

In Northfield, Mass., Lydia Everett, widow of Otis Everett, 83 years.

In Milton, Nov. 23d, Capt. Jacob Gill Pierce, 72 years 6 months.

In East Milton, Nov. 21st, John D. Crossman.

In New Bedford, Nov. 16th, Richard Stone, in his 85th ye r.

In Quincy, Ga., Nov. 20th, Reuben Cutler of Framingham, Mo.

In Rockport, Mass., Nov. 19th, Mrs. Sarah L. Cross, 7 years 8 months 14 days.

In Fall River, Nov. 20th, Rebecca H., wife of the late Stephen Freelove, 80 years.

In Fall River, Nov. 20th, Robert Rushton, 44 yrs.

In Winslow, Me., Nov. 20th, Mrs. Charlotte B. Jones of Charlestown, Mass., 80 years.

In Lynn, Nov. 19th, Helen B., wife of J. Bassett, 40 years 7 days.

In Harwich, Nov. 18th, Obed Brooks, Esq., 74 yrs.

In Pelham, N. H., Nov. 16th, Charles H. Ham, 33 years 8 months.

In New Bedford, Nov. 18th, Capt. John Horan, 58 years.

In New Bedford, Nov. 19th, Harriet B., widow of Clement Rimmil, 78 years.

In Concord, Mass., Nov. 18th, Mrs. Rebecca P. Damon, 74 years.

In Fall River, Nov. 17th, Gardner Manchester, 78 years.

In South Dartmouth, Mass., Nov. 16th, Sally, widow of Isaiah Taylor, 92 years.

In Stoughton, Nov. 14th, Emma Bessie Ball, 23 years 11 days.

In Ashby, Joseph Estabrook, 84 years 2 months.

In Roxbury, Nov. 14th, George Woods Rice, 64 years 4 months.

In Cambridge, Nov. 12th, Harriet Parker Hench-man, wife of J. Bradlee Thaxter, 36 years.

In Charlestown, Nov. 13th, Samuel Cushing, 78 years.

In Randolph, Nov. 12th Mrs. Nancy H., widow of the late Nathaniel F. Reed, 71 yrs. 4 mos. 8 dys.

In Franklin, Nov. 13th, Joseph H. Gall son, 79 years 8 months.

In Salem, Nov. 9th, Mrs. Mary, wife of William Chambers, 87 years.

In Fall River, Nov. 11th, Benjamin Simmons, 81 years.

In Fall River, Nov. 12th, John Walker, 62 years

Milwaukee, Nov. 21 —Flour is fair demand; spring extras at $4 00@6 00; winter at 4 00@5 80; patents at $6 00@7 80. Wheat dull; No. 2 Milwaukee hard at $1 05; do No. 2 Milwaukee soft cash, 94c. Corn quiet; No. 2 67c. Oats lower; No. 2 white at 38½c; rejected mixed at 33c. Rye lower; No. 1 at 84c; No. 2 at 56c. Barley easier; No. 2 spring at 72c bid; 73½ asked; No. 3 spring extra at 55½c.

THANKSGIVING.

The President's Proclamation—Nov. 30 the Day.

Washington, Oct. 23.—The following Thanksgiving proclamation has been issued to day:

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

A PROCLAMATION

In conformity with a custom, the annual observance of which is justly held in honor by this people, I, Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States, do hereby set apart Thursday, the 30th day of November next, as a day of public thanksgiving. The blessings demanding our gratitude are manifold and varied. For the peace and unity which subsists between the people and all the nations of the earth; for the freedom from internal discord and violence; for the increasing friendship between the different sections of the land; for the liberty, justice and constitutional enjoyment; and for the devotion of the people to our free institutions and their cheerful obedience to mild laws; for the constantly increasing strength of the republic, while extending its privileges to fellow men who come to us; for the improved means of internal communication and the increased facilities of intercourse with other lands; for the general prevailing health of the year; for the general prosperity of all our industries, the liberal return for the mechanic's toil affording a market for the abundant harvests of the husbandman; for the preservation of the national faith and credit; for wise and generous provision to effect the intellectual and moral education of our youth; for the influences upon the conscience of a restraining and a transforming religion, and for the joys of home; for these, and for many other blessings, we should give thanks.

Wherefore I do recommend that the day above designated be observed throughout the country as a day of national thanksgiving and prayer, and that the people, ceasing from their daily labors and meeting in accordance with their several forms of worship, draw near to the Throne of Almighty God, offering to Him praise and gratitude for the manifold goodness which He has vouchsafed to us, and praying that His blessings and His mercies may continue.

And I do further recommend that the day thus appointed be made a special occasion

UPTURE

LIEVED and cured by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S
eatment without the injury, trusses cause
tion from labor. Office 45 Milk st.; best ref
ne days, January 16th, 18th and 19th, 1883
ok with likenesses of bad cases before, du
re, and endorsements of physicians, clergy
erchants, farmers and others cured, mailed fr
nov4-tf

KIDNEY-WORT
HAS BEEN PROVED
THE SUREST CURE for
KIDNEY DISEASES.
Does a lame back or disordered urine indi
te that you are a victim? THEN DO NO
IMITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, strong
ly recommend it and it will speedily cure
me the disease and restore healthy action.
Ladies, For complaints peculiar
d weaknesses, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed.
t will act promptly and safely,
ither Sex. Inconvenient, nasty
ish dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging
ains, all speedily yield to its curative power
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.
KIDNEY-WORT
ug28-cowy (rm)

CHOICE
WINTER
VERCOATS.
re now in stock, and shall continue to man
through the season, the same grade o
n the line of ready-made Winter
oats that has heretofore proved so satisfac
entlemen looking for the best substitute at
ice for a custom-made garment.
ention some of the fabrics that have been
aking up our present assortment:—Scotch
d blue Elysians, from J. & J. Crombie;
uper heavy Diagonals, from Walter Scott &
in and mixed Cheviots, from same; West-of
Kerseys and Pilots, from Marling & Co.;
Elysians and Beavers from Schnabel Bros.;
Prices, in blue and brown mixtures, from
River Mills, and black and mixed American
as. Also, a heavy American diagonal over-
in black and in Oxford and red mixtures,
pecially for our house.
ready-made articles may be referred to as
result of thirty years' experience in making
oods the market would take, and as being
rices sufficiently favoring the buyer. In
of winter overcoats, selections can be made
40 to $42 00.

illar, Parker & Company,
Washington St., Boston,
estminster Street, Prov.dence.
23-1t

anksgiving!
est Silver-Plated Table
ry, Baking Dishes,
Bowls, Tea Sets and all
keeping Silverware for
y
ER, BACHELDER & CO.,
WASHINGTON STREET,
BOSTON.
BY MARKET, BOSTON.
Retail Prices.
xpressly for the Plowshman, for the week
ending Nov. 25.

BEEF, &c.
k, S...23@25 | Beef Liver..... 8@10
k.....15@18 | Beef Tongue..... 14@15
k.....13@18 | Corned Beef..... 8..16
k.....8@12 | Dried Beef..... 16..18
.....8@12 | Beef Tongue, salt. 13..14
Pork, Lard, &c.
strips.13 @14 | Smoked Should's. 11 @14
.....13 @14 | Smoked Ribs..... 11 @13
solder.10@11 | Sausages..... 13..15
..... 12 @13 | Pigs' Feet..... 4@5
..... 10@14 | Lard, leaf..... 13@14
Veal and Mutton.
der.....16@18 | Mutton, leg & b'd.....11@13
der.....10@12 | Mutton, should's. 10@
.....@10 | Sp'g Lamb, h.....10@17
Poultry, Game, &c.
..... 20 @ 25 | Pigeons, wild, ...@ 20
sp'ng 20 @ 25 | doz. .....@ 60
..... 18 @ 20 | Philadel.squabs 3 @ 3 00
..... 16 @ 18 | Wigeon, pair 50 @ 75
cl'k ..... 80 @ | Teal, 8 pair..... 75@
..... 80 @ | Snipe, dozen... 3 00@3 50
..... 30 @ | Perig Ducks..... 50 @ 75
..... 20 @ | Brant, 8 pair 1 50@2 00
pr ..... 6 @ 10 | Yellow Legs,doz 2 @ 3
d ..... 2 @ 3 | Reed Birds..... 2 @ 3
..... 2 @ 3 | Rabbits, each.. 6 @ 15
..... 7@10 | Venison, lb..... 10@
nts, ... @ 00 | Woodcock..... @
..... @ 00 | Tigs, roasting. @ 25
ans Bacon..... @ 00
ll fed..... @ 00
Butter, Cheese, &c.
tts. | Fair to good do.. 12@15
..... 35@38 | Farm..... @
ry..... 33@36 | nons.
..... @ 27 | Cape..... @ 30
..... @ 25 | Eastern..... @ 30
..... @ 22 | Northern..... @ 28
..... @ 20 | Western..... @ 28
..... @ 18 | Cape..... @ 25
Fruit and Vegetables.
s, peck 15 @ 50 | Tomatoes, lb. @ 40
ch. 75@1 00 | Do. Berm'da, qt @ 20
..... @ 25 | Tomatoes, can. @ 15
..... @ 20 | Citrons, each.. @ 10
VEGETABLES.
..... @ 20 | Potatoes..... @ 20
..... @ 20 | Sweet Pot's, lb @ 5
..... @ 20 | Turnips, peck 20@ 40
..... @ 20 | Beans, white, @ 5
..... @ 20 | Do. Sprouts, @ 5
..... @ 20 | Squashes, @ 5
..... @ 20 | Onions, per pk. @ 50
..... @ 20 | Cauliflowers.. @ 20
..... @ 20 | Celery..... 10@ 20
..... @ 20 | Lettuce & head @ 5
..... @ 20 | Spinach, @ 5
..... @ 20 | Beets, @ 5
..... @ 20 | Carrots, peck @ 40
..... @ 20 | Parsnips, peck..... @ 40
..... @ 20 | Onions, per pk. @ 50
..... @ 20 | Cauliflowers.. @ 20
..... @ 20 | Celery..... 10@ 20
..... @ 20 | Lettuce & head @ 5
..... @ 20 | Cabbages, head. 12@ 15
..... @ 20 | Carrots, peck @ 40
..... @ 20 | Parsnips, peck..... @ 40
..... @ 20 | Onions, per pk. @ 50
..... @ 20 | Cauliflowers.. @ 20
..... @ 20 | Celery..... 10@ 20
..... @ 20 | Lettuce & head @ 5
..... @ 20 | Spinach, @ 5
..... @ 20 | Beets, @ 5

The Poet's Corner.

ACROSS THE SEA OF TIME.

[Clark W. Bryan in Good Cheer.]

As we walk on the shore of the Ocean of Time,
And talk of Eternity's unknown clime,—
My wife and I,—
The swell of past years rolls in at our feet,
In a rhythmical round of advance and retreat,
Going farther away with the flow of each tide
As hand clasped in hand we walk side by side,
My wife and I.

Thus together we've wandered, long reaches of years,
Together been happy,—together shed tears,
My wife and I;
The blessings of heaven have come to our door,
The blessings of health and of basket and store,
Friendship, fortune and favor, as years grew space,
Home comforts and joys in prominent place,
My wife and I;

Some heavy cloud-shadows have darkened our way,
Still our path was alight 'neath love's purest ray
My wife and I;
Oft wounded and grieved, soul weary and faint,
We keep on our way, without pause, without plaint,
And when the deep waters of sorrow came near,
We twined our arms closer and walked without fear,
My wife and I.

And now as our steps grow shorter each day,
Bearing each other's burdens we still keep on' way,
My wife and I;
Looking out to the future, across a dark sea,
Each asking of each "To whom shall it be
Given first to go out to that far-away shore?"—
Our days to renew and to live evermore,
My wife and I.

Then together once more—on Eternity's shore,
We'll be joined to be parted again never more
My wife and I;
She, whose daily life here, ever true, ever pure,
Teaches lessons of patience, tells me how to endure,
Whose life joined with mine makes heaven below,
And smooths the rough way as together we go,
My wife and I.

Should the ebb of the tide roll in on Time's beach,
And ruthlessly sweep away from my reach,
My wife, and I
Be left here alone to watch and to wait,
When she passes from sight beyond the strait gate,
To meet me, I know, in good time, she will come
And my weary feet lead up to heaven and home.

Ladies' Department.

MY LITTLE MISTAKES.

The Phelans had a baby. Tom sent me a telegram announcing what he called the happy event; for I had known him since we were both at school, where he was generally called the Fat Boy, and many of the fellows entertained the rooted idea that he was a lineal descendant of the "fat boy," whom Charles Dickens has immortal zed in "Pickwick."

Tom Phelan was not only a fat boy, but, in accordance with the promise of his youth, he became a fat young man, with a mellow face like an over-ripe pear, and an amply proportioned person. Indeed, it was because of that genial, happy look and general air of comfort which his fatness imparted, that little May O'Rourke fell in love with and finally married him. For this sufficient reason Tom thought her the wisest woman of her generation, and quite believed in his inner consciousness that nature had endowed her with rare and admirable taste.

Twelve months ago I had acted as Tom's best man; he had asked me to stand by him to the last, and I did. I saw him through the painful ceremony, during which he was stared at in the keenest way by all the bride's female friends, including eight charming bridesmaids, not one of whom during the time vouchsafed me a glance, for by comparison with the bridegroom I was an uninteresting man, who had not the heart, the courage, the good taste or the sense to take any woman for better or worse; there, in the presence of this noble specimen of humanity, the bridegroom, I was insignificant.

If ever a man was uncomfortable in his life, Tom Phelan was, under the uninterrupted gaze of these fair creatures and of the crowds of the bride's relations assembled for the occasion, in all their strength and glory, inside the walls of St. Bride's Church, Dublin.

At the breakfast some one made a long speech, in which so many magnificent things were said with so much grandiloquence that the bride began to weep; and poor Tom, who thought it his duty to harmonize in all things with the feelings of his new-made wife, was about to allow himself to be overcome, and shed a few tears also, when he caught the stern and reproachful gaze of his new-made mother-in-law, and that one glance decided the matter, and stayed his emotion immediately.

I saw him through it all, poor fellow, as I promised. He was true to my trust, and at the last moment, when the carriage which was to convey him and his bride away waited I extracted a few grains of rice which had lodged themselves in his left eye, and picked up his best hat, which had been rudely knocked off his head by the blow of an old slipper from some friendly but awkward hand.

So, as I commenced by stating, they had now a baby, and they made as much fuss and excitement over the fact as if it were the most wonderful instead of the most natural thing in life. The day after receiving the telegram I had a letter from Tom, in which he described the infant as the finest baby his sisters, his cousins and his aunts—and collectively their name is legion—had ever seen. It was a boy, and nothing would please him but that I should, a fortnight after the receipt of his letter, cross the channel and stand godfather to his first-born.

No doubt he considered he paid me a compliment, for he seemed to lay great stress on the fact of my being requested to stand in such a position to the "first-born," and gave me to understand the honor would not be so great if I were, in the coming time, asked to hold the same position toward other little types of humanity that in the course of years he fully expected—nay; hoped—would present themselves.

I would do anything to oblige an old friend like Tom Phelan, even to getting seasick; so I crossed over to Queenstown, suffering that malady in all its horrors, during which time I did not exactly bless this young Phelan on whose account I had undertaken the journey.

My old friend was waiting for me on the pier, his round ruddy face beaming with happiness, and brimming over with smiles. I felt at that moment that he must be a complete contrast to myself, for *mal de mer* always made me look the color of an unripe lemon, and certainly did not improve my temper.

"Well, my boy," he said, seizing my hand, and jerking my arm up and down as if he had mistaken it for a pump-handle, "how are you?"

"Very bad. We have had a rough night," I replied, as briefly as I could, whist I watched two porters disputing for the possession of my portmanteau.

I suppose Tom saw that I was yet suffering from the effects of my voyage and was somewhat out of sorts, for he did not speak to me for some time. When he did it was in a tone of reproach.

"Fits, you have not asked me how he is," he said.

"He!—whom?" I inquired, rather mystified.

"Your little godson."

"Oh, of course; how stupid I am! I beg your pardon, my dear fellow; how is he? All right, I hope." ("If the fond parent had only heard my fervent prayers for his heir a few hours ago!" I thought to myself, feeling, for the first time in my life, a bit of a hypocrite).

"He is a wonderful big infant, they tell me," said the affectionate parent, with an air of pride and some assumption of indifference.

"Is he?" I asked; with what I hoped was a tone expressive of interest.

Tom was so good-natured that he had already forgiven me my want of thought.

"When is it to be, Tom?" I said presently.

"What?" he asked.

"The christening, of course," said I.

"Wednesday," he answered; "and we have decided to leave the selection of his name to you."

"My dear fellow, that is too much responsibility; if I give the boy a name he disliked, like Christopher or Tobias, or Alonzo or Solomon, he would never forgive me when he grew up, but would haze me to the day of his death."

"What nonsense you talk, Fits! You can talk it over with Mary, and come to some arrangement."

"One question," said I, abruptly stopping in our walk toward the brougham that was to carry us to Tom's comfortable home; "shall I have to hold him at the font?"

—"Yes—that is, no; upon my life I can't say. Why?"

"Because I have never held one before, and I am sure I should let it fall. I have never seen one—having no relatives for friends—except in a 'bus or in a perambulator in the streets; and I am rather afraid of them, I am, upon my life. I think they are all bad tempered and bad mannered, and have a common habit of working themselves into frightful passions about nothing in particular, just to plague people and make them uncomfortable."

For answer, my friend shook his fat sides with laughter, and, when he could speak, said:

"You talk like a bachelor, Fits."

"You forget I have not had twelve months' experience of matrimony," I said, hitting him home.

He only laughed all the more at this. My reply seemed quite to tickle his fancy.

"It would be the best thing in life for you if you had; it would make you a happy man," he said, when he recovered himself. "Take my word for it you don't know what comfort is till you're married."

"I am not very miserable in my present state of blessed bachelorhood, and in no hurry to make a change," said I.

"Then you are wrong, my boy. Do you know why I sent for you?" he said, looking at me suddenly, and, as I thought afterward, speculatively.

"To stand godfather to your son, of course."

"That is one reason; but I have another. May and I have laid a plot. I'm afraid I am spoiling sport by telling you, but I'm hanged if I can hold my tongue.

"I am the victim of your plot, I suppose?" I inquired mildly.

"You are, my boy. We want to make you as happy as ourselves by marrying you to one of the brightest and best of girls; she is just the one to make you as happy as you could desire."

"Upon my life, you are awfully good, both of you; but I have no inclination to join the list of martyrs—I mean to—to enter into the holy bonds of matrimony."

"We will say no more about her until you see her."

"When will that be?" I asked, feeling rather anxious to see the woman who my friends had decided was to make me a happy man.

"On Wednesday morning; she is to be one of the godmothers."

"There was much ado about that christening. The cake was of a gigantic size, as if ordered with a merciful consideration for the healthy appetites of the sisters, cousins and aunts of Tom Phelan and wife. The previous night a dinner was given to celebrate the event more fully. I was dressed early, and went down to the drawing-room, where To was talking to Mrs. MacFum, a little woman with a twinkle in her eyes and a juvenile cap on her head, who prided herself on being connected with the family of the great MacFums, to whom Brian Boru himself was but an upstart, and the lords of Kildare and Leinster but "mush'rooms, my dear, if it comes to that," as she used to say with a sense of pride, expressed by a sudden backward jerk of her head that made the lace of her cap flutter airily and the roses tremble from exultation in more senses than one on their wire stems. When my host had introduced me, and she had nodded to the juvenile cap in recognition of my bow, she went on with the narrative of what her dear friend Lady Ariadne had said to her when she was last in London, which Tom had interrupted for the purpose of introducing me.

I saw that he was impatient to get away, but there was no use in his striving to stir from Mrs. MacFum just then, who started with a fresh anecdote of what Tom Moore had told her he had said to Lady Blessington when she sang "Believe me if all;" and so I was left to make acquaintance with the guests already arrived, all of whom were strangers to me.

"Charming day this has been," said a young lady, who evidently took pity on my forlorn condition.

"Charming, beautiful," I replied, looking at the speaker, who had the most wond-rful, gray-blue Irish eyes I had ever previously seen, which had now a merry look in them they strove in vain to conceal.

She gave a pleasant, soft, musical laugh when I had spoken.

"You forget it has been raining all day," she said, looking at me with a quizzing gaze.

"So it has," said I, remembering the fact, and laughing with her at my word, all the while I felt myself blushing.

"I only spoke of the weather to break the conversational ice," she said.

"You are merciful," I answered, wondering if she was laughing at me.

Then I saw you were a stranger to us, and Mr. Phelan is being instructed in the pedigree of the MacFums, I suppose, and cannot get away for a quarter of an hour to introduce you," she said, with a friendliness that set me at my ease at once.

"Will you allow me to do myself that pleasure?"

"I think I can spare you the trouble," she replied, in the most musical of voices. "You have come from London to stand godfather for baby?"

"I have," I answered, wondering how she knew, and watching with pleasure the arch look that suddenly darted into her wondering eyes. I began to think that she had one of the most interesting faces I had ever seen. Her lips were red and saucy, and were, I thought, just then, made to kiss and be kissed.

"Shall I point you out the godmother?" she asked, watching my face as she spoke.

"No—that is, yes," I replied, thinking of what Tom had told me, and just a little curious to see his beau ideal of my future wife.

"There she is, at the other side of the room in a gray silk dress, talking to that stout little man with the brown wig."

"Do you mean—"

"Yes; that tall, angular lady, with the little bunch of curls at each side of her face. She has been a beauty in her day, and has been for a thousand a year, since which time she has had six proposals of marriage and has stood godmother to 123 children. Before she came in for that legacy, no one ever noticed her; and though her manners have not changed in the least, the world has only now suddenly discovered that she is one of the most amiable women living. Now I always knew that fact and stated it openly, though no one would believe it."

While my new friend spoke, I felt that she was watching my face keenly. And then, I said to myself, was the woman whom Tom Phelan had assured me would make me a happy man. The lady was at least twenty years older than I was; but any disparity in that way Tom evidently thought would be made up to me by the fact of my future wife possessing a thousand a year. I began to think that my friend's character had undergone a change. I had always considered him far from mercenary; but probably the cares and expenses of his new life had made him regard money in a different light from what he had done in the old days; and he thought he would do me a friendly turn by marrying me to a woman old enough to be my mother, because of her wealth. When I considered over these things I was sorry for Tom Phelan. Marriage, I thought, had not raised the tone of his mind. I looked over at him then, and saw a cheerful look on his round pleasant face, as if something had occurred that made him very happy. Probably, I said mentally, it is one of Mrs. MacFum's tales that makes this most good tempered of men delighted. When next I looked at my neighbor, she, too, I thought, had a merry expression in her eyes that seemed to spring from a look she exchanged with Tom Phelan.

"Your lady is to be baby's godmother?" I said presently, directing my gaze to the lady in gray silk, with the little bunch of curls confined by tortoise-shell combs, edged with a row of pearls, at each side of her thin, pale face.

"Yes. You must let me introduce you. Indeed you must know her. She is one of the best and kindest of women."

I began to wonder if my new friend was in the plot, too, and if she were engaged by Tom and Mrs. Tom to lend her assistance toward the desired end of marrying me to this spinster. I felt as if I should like to get up and run away out of the house, and out of the town that these good people evidently sought to ensnare me in; but the look on this girl with the gray-blue eyes, that now sparkled with humor and anon melted into tenderness almost in the same minute, as only Irish eyes can, held me a prisoner. I was unwilling to move from her side.

Though she did not tell me her name, she told me all about herself in a frank, naive manner that completed the charm she held over me, and made me her faithful bondslave from that hour to this day. Her father was in India, she said; she and her mother were living in Bray during his absence. She expected him home next year, when she feared they would leave dear old Ireland and go to the continent.

Then suddenly, in the midst of our confidential chat, she asked me once more to cross the room with her and get introduced to the lady who was to be godmother to Tom Phelan's baby. Before I could answer her she stood up and waited for me to accompany her. Miss Fay was the name of the spinster, who was a maid, agreeable gentlewoman, with sad eyes and a gentle manner. When my new friend introduced me she suddenly disappeared. Soon after some people who came in engaged Miss Fay's attention, and I was left alone

Then Tom Phelan came up to me, beaming all over with smiles.

"You have not lost much time in making her acquaintance, Fits, old boy."

"No," I answered dryly, understanding what he meant.

"What do you think of her?"

He looked at me with his head on one side and a broad smile on his face.

"Think of her? She is very amiable Thus in a stiff tone.

"You will get on famously together. She is the woman to make you happy, old man." This with an air of patronage and superiority.

"You are very good," said I humoring him, and thinking at the same time how changed he was.

"Now, Fits, I have arranged that you shall take in Mrs. Carey to dinner. I want to ask you to make yourself agreeable to her; not too agreeable, you know, as you do sometimes to women, for she has a husband, though he is in India. A safe distance, my boy."

"All right," I said.

Tom hurried away, and just then dinner was announced, the host giving his arm to Mrs. MacFum. The hostess pointed out a lady to me whom I was to take down to the dining room and in a few minutes we were comfortably seated. My new friend sat opposite to me. I could see her bright face smiling across the flowers. Her eyes at once dazzled and fascinated me, and her voice made my heart flutter in an unaccustomed way. The lady whom I had taken down, and who now sat beside me, was stout, solemn-faced woman arrayed in black velvet, who spoke very little. I was glad of this latter fact, for I could not, I felt, keep up a conversation. I was listening to the voice of my new friend, who talked well, and wittily with her neighbors. Occasionally she directed an odd sentence to me across the flowers.

When the dessert was over my neighbor in black velvet, with whom Tom Phelan had unnecessarily warned me not to flirt because of her having a husband in India, took up her fan and commenced to wave it gently to and fro.

"How hot it is!" she said to me, in a voice as subdued as if she had spoke in a church.

"Yes," I replied, "the night is close, but we should not complain. If we had to bear the heat that your husband is at present enduring"——

Suddenly something went against my new friend's breath, then every one at my end of the table became all at once silent, and I saw that though some of them seemed grave enough, the others strove to keep themselves from laughing outright. Tom Phelan, after a moment's keen struggle, strove to look as if nothing in particular had happened. What was the cause of all this I had not the slightest idea, but that something wrong had occurred there was no doubt.

Mrs. Phelan at this instant caught Mrs. MacFum's eye, and rose from the table; the other ladies followed. My neighbor, whom I had taken down was the last to rise, and as she did so she gave me a withering look, which I long remembered.

When the door was safely closed Tom Phelan threw himself back in his chair, and laughed until the tears rolled down his fat cheeks; the other men joined him, all looking at me the while.

"What is the joke?" I asked; "I am out in the cold."

"My dear fellow, Mrs. Carey, who sat next you is a widow."

In a moment I saw the blunder I had made. I had taken down the wrong woman to dinner.

An hour afterward I had completely forgotten my little mistake, for by some chance I found myself by the side of my new friend, who was seated at the piano singing "Oft in the Stilly Night." I turned the leaves of the music, bending over her until I touched her once or twice. Her voice was soft and sweet; it stirred me in a way I had never before experienced, and made me strangely happy and sad almost in the same minute. When she had finished singing, and whilst I was yet bending over her on pretense of closing the book, our eyes met for a second; hers grew soft and liquid, and seemed to melt into a world of tenderness. My heart gave a great throb, and then I knew far better than all words could say that we two had fallen in love.

When a woman comes to make such a discovery a sense of delicious happiness fills him, and makes all the world seem brighter than words—which are poor things at best—can tell. Three hours ago and I had never met this woman; then fate—accident—chance—call it by what name you will, had flung us together; and a nameless look in her eyes, some stray tone in her voice, the touch of her hand, had woven a charm for me that at once mocked at and set to flight my ideas of happy bachelorhood; that revealed to me feelings and hopes which I had never known before, and which made me feel that, come weal or woe, this was she who must walk by my side all the days of my life, to the gates apart with men as in the olden days? I asked myself.

An hour after she had sung that song by some strange accident we found ourselves in the long garden that runs at the back of Tom's house. It was a glorious night in June, the air was cool and balmy, the smell of the flowers delightful; a young moon was in the ascendant.

"Well, how do you like Miss Fay?" the girl who had taken my heart captive asked, looking at me from under her dark lashes.

"Very much; but—but—may I say it?" My heart was terribly anxious to speak.

"What?" she asked suddenly; but I noticed her eyes did not meet mine.

"I like some one else much better."

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"Probably you do—some one in London?"

"No, some one in Ireland; some one who is standing beside me now."

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"I think I must go in now," she said presently, "or they will miss me if they want me to sing."

"Give me a flower before you go?" I pleaded to her, not daring to say more.

She stooped down, plucked a red rose, just touched her lips with it and handed it to me. When I looked at her there was the merry light in her eyes that I had seen there when she first spoke to me that evening. In another second she turned and ran toward the house.

I followed slowly. Just as I arrived at the glass doors of the dining-room that communicated with the garden I came suddenly face to face with Tom Phelan.

"Well, Fits, what are you doing out here?" he said with a smile that I was ill-natured enough to set down in my mind as a grin. He spoke as if he intended to express surprise, but failed.

"Doing? Looking at the moon," I replied, staring up, as I spoke, in the summer sky.

"Don't you think a pair of gray eyes better worth looking at?" he asked, with a merry twinkle in his own.

"Perhaps," I answered calmly.

"I say, old man, you have behaved capitally; better than I expected."

There was a sudden change in his voice that struck me.

"How?"

"You have fallen in love—don't deny it—with the girl who will make you a happy man. You have done just as I wished, old fellow."

He placed his arm round my shoulders, as he had often done when we were boys at school.

"You make a mistake there, Tom. I have no desire to sell myself for a thousand a year."

"What do you mean?" he asked, with surprise shining on his good-natured face.

"I have no desire to marry the woman you were good enough to select for me—Miss Fay."

Tom burst into laughing this time, holding his fat sides as if he feared he would explode.

"What is the matter?" I asked when he had almost done.

"You will be the death of me, Fits, if you go on making these little mistakes.

"I don't understand you," I said.

"You canning dog! Why you have been flirting all the evening with Kitty Berfort! I saw you both out here two minutes ago; and you have fallen in love with her like a sensible man, just as I wanted you to."

"My dear fellow, you said it was the boy's godmother you had selected for me, and that is Miss Fay."

"Miss Fay is one of them, Kitty Berfort is the other," and to emphasize his words Tom Phelan struck me on the shoulder with a blow that made me stagger.

"You are a brick," I said to him, seizing his hand with enthusiasm.

Poor, good-natured Tom Phelan! His eyes grew dim just for a second, as he returned my friendly grasp.

"Tom," I said, "God bless your boy!"

I spoke in such a grave, impressive voice that the happy father burst out laughing in my face. This time I joined him heartily.

Before I left the Green Isle, Kitty Berfort and I became engaged. When her father came back from India we were married, and at our wedding breakfast Tom Phelan—who, by the way, had that week been presented with remarkably fine twins—told the story of my little mistakes.—[Tinsley's Magazine.

THE HAND OF FATE.

BY AMES V. YARNELL.

Intolerant skepticism and intolerent belief are the two extremes of the same thing. There is a fanaticism in unbelief not less absolute than the fanaticism which established the Inquisition or lighted the fires of Smithfield La Harpe, the celebrated materialist, is said to have fought a duel with a friend who had asserted the existence of his own conscience. Such a skeptical fanatic was I at the date of the events I am about to relate. I was president of a society for the prevention of superstition. I believed in nothing beyond the ken of my five senses. I was a furious enemy of dreams, omens, presentiments, ghosts and spirits. I was not likely, therefore, to have been misled by superstitious credulity or perverse imagination in regard to the circumstances.

I was living in bachelor lodgings in a quiet street in the upper part of the city. I went little into society and had few friends. I spent most of my evenings, consequently, in the seclusion of my room, with no company but my books.

One autumn evening I reached home at a late hour, but feeling no desire to sleep, I lighted my lamp and sat down by the table for the purpose of finishing a volume which I had been reading. It was a dissertation on a favorite subject of mine, namely: The physical cause of dreams and apparitions, the author tracing all spectral appearance to illusion brought about by disordered nervous functions. I was deeply interested, and read on steadily until after midnight.

Suddenly and without warning my light flickered and went out. For a moment the room was in intense darkness. I had drawn the curtain before the windows, and the fire in the grate had died down long before. Just as I was on the point of impatiently rising to relight my lamp, I was nailed to my chair by a strange phenomenon. Against the opposite wall of my room a faint glow of light began to appear. In shape it was like the circular patch which is thrown by a camera upon a screen. It continued to increase in brilliancy until the whole room was in a glare of light equal to noonday. It was as if a circular window had been cut in the wall admitting the full power of the sun.

For an instant surprise held me dumb and motionless; then I arose, and going to the wall placed my hand upon the spot of light. I observed that my hand cast no shadow, and that, therefore, the light could not come from behind me. Puzzled, but by no means alarmed, I went back to its conclusion.

For a moment the light remained clear and steady; then a slight mist seemed to overspread it. Out of this mist, by slow degrees, a picture was evolved. There was a wide, deep river, crossed by a railroad bridge, in the foreground. I could see here and there a vessel drifting idly with the tide, for it appeared to be a still warm day. In the distance the hills looked blue and hazy. There were white clouds in the sky, and at a distance the smoke from a town on the river bank rose lazily into the air.

I could note and memorize every detail—the color of the wooden trestle of the railroad bridge; the shape and number of the signal boards; the peculiar arrangement of the telegraph wires, in fact, I could have sworn that I sat before the open window looking upon material landscape of real sky, earth and water. I noted, too, particularly, a white spot near the centre of the bridge. The bed of the road seemed to have warped and several sleepers were decayed and loosened. I even said, unconsciously:

"There will be a terrible accident at that point some day."

While I was gaping at the apparition with sensations impossible to describe, I observed in the extreme approaching train. It rushed quickly around a curve and upon the bridge with unabated speed. I was conscious of a feeling of intense interest in it. I felt very much like a person witnessing a drama with high wrought emotions, breathlessly watching the action which is drawing toward the tragic denouement.

Then came the train. I counted the cars; there were sixteen—four of a yellowish color and the remainder of a deep red. I saw upon their sides the words, "Northern New York & Canada R. R." I saw that the engine's number was 12, and that the engineer, leaning out of the window toward me, had a large red face and heavy black beard.

As the train came upon the bridge there seemed to be a sudden jar and stoppage. The engine leaped into the air like a frightened horse and rolled off the bridge followed by six of the cars. There was an intense movement of alarm and horror, a shower of fire and a cloud of steam which, for a moment, hid everything from sight.

A moment afterward my attention was irresistibly drawn to the figures struggling in the water. One was a girl, very young and beautiful, attired in a gray travelling suit. She had lost her bonnet, and her long, fair hair was floating upon the water.

The other figure was that of a man whose appearance gave me a shock of strange surprise. I seemed to recognise him, though his face was turned from me. At first he seemed to be making preparations to strike out vigorously toward the shore. Then he seemed to catch sight of the young girl, for he turned, and swimming toward her, supported her on one arm, while with the other he kept both of them afloat.

At this moment I caught sight of her face. I started up and uttered a shout of absolute terror. It was my own face, white and wild with excitement and resolution, that I saw before me.

As if my voice had broken the spell, the light, landscape, wrecked train and struggling swimmers disappeared like a flash of lightning. I rubbed my eyes and looked around. The light was burning as brightly as before. The book I had been reading had slipped from my hand to the floor. I perceived then that I had been merely dreaming a vivid dream.

To say that I was not startled would be untrue. I was very much moved, but it was neither with superstitious fear nor the slightest faith. Here, I thought, was a grand opportunity to put my favorite theories into practice. I had dreamed a dream of such distinctness and detail that it might readily be supposed to be nothing else. I was perfectly convinced. I would write down the circumstances, and when the event had proven them wholly false, use the whole as a knock-down argument against all faith in any forewarnings whatsoever.

On further investigation I confessed that I was somewhat perplexed. I found that there was such a railroad as the Northern New York & Canada; that the cars were of the color seen in my dream. I found furthermore on conversing with a person who had travelled over the route, that the road crossed the Black river on a trestle bridge, and that, viewed up the river, the landscape would appear about as I had seen it.

I was by no means convinced, however. I might have heard of the railroad in question and forgotten the fact. The color of the cars was such as is common to railroads. The landscape may have borne only a general resemblance to the Black river; moreover, my description of the one seen in my dream could at most have given a few salient points, such as hills, water, a distant town, and a trestle bridge, common to a hundred other regions in the country.

Moreover, I could imagine no reason why I should travel over the route. My parents live in Northern New York, but in visiting them my course would be at least 100 miles east of the Black river.

The winter passed by with no renewal of my strange dream, and the occurrence of no circumstances bearing upon it, and the whole matter had passed out of my memory.

One morning I received a telegram from home to the effect that my father had been taken dangerously ill, and that his physician despaired of his life.

Skeptic as I was, I was no infidel in the matter of my family affection. I made my preparations in haste, and took the night train for my father's home. On arriving at Utica, I learned that a freshet had washed out the track of the regular line, and that I should be compelled to take a branch road a score of miles further west.

My dream now occurred to me. I was traveling near the region I had dreamed of. Once accident had forced me nearer to it than I had any reason to anticipate. But I was not foolish enough to suppose that any set of circumstances would bring about the fulfillment of my vision.

During the night the train halted at a large town on the line and passengers were informed that another train would be necessary. The rains which had destroyed the track of the regular line had also thrown down a bridge on the branch.

As I alighted in the dark and made my way to the train in waiting I admit that I was very much startled to read upon the side of the cars the words I had seen in my dream: "New York & Canada R. R." I counted the cars; they were 16 in number—four yellow and 12 red.

My philosophy was shaken. It seemed as if an irresistible hand were forcing me to the fulfilment of my dream. But I was at ill stubborn in my unbelief.

I resolved to investigate the matter still further and satisfy myself that I had simply met with a series of coincidences. Freshets might occur on railroads without the special intervention of destiny. Cars might be of a certain color and number without proving my new friend introduced me she suddenly disappeared. Soon after some people who came in engaged Miss Fay's attention, and I was left alone

Then Tom Phelan came up to me, beaming all over with smiles.

"You have not lost much time in making her acquaintance, Fits, old boy."

"No," I answered dryly, understanding what he meant.

"What do you think of her?"

He looked at me with his head on one side and a broad smile on his face.

"Think of her? She is very amiable Thus in a stiff tone.

"You will get on famously together. She is the woman to make you happy, old man." This with an air of patronage and superiority.

"You are very good," said I humoring him, and thinking at the same time how changed he was.

"Now, Fits, I have arranged that you shall take in Mrs. Carey to dinner. I want to ask you to make yourself agreeable to her; not too agreeable, you know, as you do sometimes to women, for she has a husband, though he is in India. A safe distance, my boy."

"All right," I said.

Tom hurried away, and just then dinner was announced, the host giving his arm to Mrs. MacFum. The hostess pointed out a lady to me whom I was to take down to the dining room and in a few minutes we were comfortably seated. My new friend sat opposite to me. I could see her bright face smiling across the flowers. Her eyes at once dazzled and fascinated me, and her voice made my heart flutter in an unaccustomed way. The lady whom I had taken down, and who now sat beside me, was stout, solemn-faced woman arrayed in black velvet, who spoke very little. I was glad of this latter fact, for I could not, I felt, keep up a conversation. I was listening to the voice of my new friend, who talked well, and wittily with her neighbors. Occasionally she directed an odd sentence to me across the flowers.

When the dessert was over my neighbor in black velvet, with whom Tom Phelan had unnecessarily warned me not to flirt because of her having a husband in India, took up her fan and commenced to wave it gently to and fro.

"How hot it is!" she said to me, in a voice as subdued as if she had spoke in a church.

"Yes," I replied, "the night is close, but we should not complain. If we had to bear the heat that your husband is at present enduring"——

Suddenly something went against my new friend's breath, then every one at my end of the table became all at once silent, and I saw that though some of them seemed grave enough, the others strove to keep themselves from laughing outright. Tom Phelan, after a moment's keen struggle, strove to look as if nothing in particular had happened. What was the cause of all this I had not the slightest idea, but that something wrong had occurred there was no doubt.

Mrs. Phelan at this instant caught Mrs. MacFum's eye, and rose from the table; the other ladies followed. My neighbor, whom I had taken down was the last to rise, and as she did so she gave me a withering look, which I long remembered.

When the door was safely closed Tom Phelan threw himself back in his chair, and laughed until the tears rolled down his fat cheeks; the other men joined him, all looking at me the while.

"What is the joke?" I asked; "I am out in the cold."

"My dear fellow, Mrs. Carey, who sat next you is a widow."

In a moment I saw the blunder I had made. I had taken down the wrong woman to dinner.

An hour afterward I had completely forgotten my little mistake, for by some chance I found myself by the side of my new friend, who was seated at the piano singing "Oft in the Stilly Night." I turned the leaves of the music, bending over her until I touched her once or twice. Her voice was soft and sweet; it stirred me in a way I had never before experienced, and made me strangely happy and sad almost in the same minute. When she had finished singing, and whilst I was yet bending over her on pretense of closing the book, our eyes met for a second; hers grew soft and liquid, and seemed to melt into a world of tenderness. My heart gave a great throb, and then I knew far better than all words could say that we two had fallen in love.

When a woman comes to make such a discovery a sense of delicious happiness fills him, and makes all the world seem brighter than words—which are poor things at best—can tell. Three hours ago and I had never met this woman; then fate—accident—chance—call it by what name you will, had flung us together; and a nameless look in her eyes, some stray tone in her voice, the touch of her hand, had woven a